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The Week

IT was both farseeing and wise of the British and Japanese governments to place their alliance before the League. For in the next year or so affairs on the rim of the Pacific may very well become acute. California will vote in November on a drastic measure aimed at Japanese control of land. The approaching peace conference with Russia will raise the question of Eastern Siberia. The conflict between China and Japan persists, and the English-speaking commonwealths of the Pacific —Canada, Australia and New Zealand—are involved. The interests affected are world-wide, and the negotiations would be seriously embarrassed if London and Tokio had a special agreement which prevented a free and full discussion. The two governments have recognized that fact. It must be counted as a distinct victory for those adherents of the League who in spite of all the faults of the Treaty and Covenant have insisted from the beginning that it could be made to serve the cause of peace.

AS this issue goes to press the reply made by Russia to the Allied proposal of an armistice has not been published. The Allied terms included the abandonment by Poland of all ambitions east of the Peace Conference boundary, the halting of the Russian armies thirty miles from this boundary, a peace conference in London of the border states, and a neutral zone to protect General Wrangel. In the meantime the Lithuanian representative in Washington announces a peace treaty with Russia. The frontiers agreed to are evidently ample, and include the province of Grodno. Lithuania receives an indemnity of 2,000,000 gold rubles, timber rights on the Russian side of the boundary, relief from the Lithuanian part of the Russian debt and the return of all archives and movable property. A report from a Danish correspondent states that Lithuania permits the passage of Russian troops, but this report is not discussed in the available report of the Lithuanian representative.

THAT the result of the Russo-Polish war ends the dream of a Great Poland is universally admitted. Poland will consist of the territory inhabited by Poles, not of territory sparsely sprinkled by Polish landlords. This is in the interest of Poland as well as of Europe. Ambassador Davis once said that Belgium had declared herself a country not a road. Poland can now become a country, not a barrier, a bulwark, a cordon or any other fiction of diplomacy. The real Polish problem is not the empire of 1772, not the "protection" of the West against Russia, or of the East against Germany, for all of these things are the theorizing of healthy, well-fed diplomatists. The real problem of Poland is typhus, unemployment, social justice, her school children, her peasants, her factory workers, and the resumption of friendly relations with all her neighbors. Poland's time to settle down has arrived. Under bad leaders she has been the spoiled darling of the Peace Conference. She has gone through her fortune, strayed away from home, and

indulged in all the conceivable follies. If the diplomatic roués will let Poland alone, she can still take her place in the European family.

TO Poland above all the success of the Krassin-George negotiations are vital. They may possibly be interrupted, because the opposition is strong, but in the end they will succeed. The sixteen questions addressed to Russia by the Supreme Economic Council are practical and effective and legitimate. They are real questions arising naturally out of the differences between capitalistic and semi-communist states. Who has the right to trade? What is the status of counter-revolutionary Russia? What are the laws of contract? Does the Central Soviet control the commercial dealings of the local soviets? What protection is offered to the person and property of individual traders? What guarantees? What concessions? What navigation laws? Patents? What is the status of Russian corporations? Are there embargoes or other restrictions on trade? Taxes? Tariffs? Railroad Rates? etc., etc. Contrast these specific and business-like queries with the nonsense that we won't trade because we do not like Russian electoral laws, or because we want "democracy" in Russia, and then say whether Europe is not moving towards reality.

ONE of the hardest things to determine in American politics is just how many votes are intoxicated by wetness and dryness. But in any case Governor Cox seems to be having it both ways. Wetter than Mr. Harding he certainly is, but he is dry enough for Senator Sheppard. That is pretty dry. A candidate who can suit Governor Edwards and the boys and yet receive the approval of the sponsor of prohibition in the Senate is amphibious beyond the dreams of ambivalent and ambidextrous statesmen. He is to be congratulated. Any man who can remove liquor from politics and conversation is a first rate public servant, because worse than dryness and worse than drink is the perpetual thought and talk about them. For our part if we can have light wines and beer without devoting the rest f the century to discussing them, fine. But if they mean an era of oratory and liquor anecdotes, we shall be content to surrender that part of our personal liberty.

EVERY one will echo Mr. Roosevelt's wish that "every American could have been a silent witness to the meeting between these two great men." For then every American would have known more than he knew after reading the three statements issued from the White House. He knows now, what he must have known before, namely that Governor Cox will stand on his platform and with his party. What he does not know, but will need to know, is the substantive meaning which Governor Cox as party leader will give to the "pledges." Will he accept the President's *record* as their whole significance, or will he re-examine the record in the light of the pledges? The contrast between the two is the real point at issue. It may not be the issue between the Republicans and the Democrats, but it most certainly is the issue between the Democrats and the liberal conscience of the world.

SOONER or later Mr. Ralph Easley was bound to come a cropper. He has come, as a result of investigations by the New York World and of action by members of the Interchurch World Movement. Mr. Easley is the chairman of the executive council of the National Civic Federation, but he claims to have been acting as an individual. He certainly has been acting. His acting has consisted among other things of a private system of espionage, and an intrigue to discredit and obstruct the industrial inquiries of the Interchurch World Movement. We are glad that someone has had the patience to run him to ground, for in all this country there is no antagonist of modern ideas so discreditable to the good sense and good manners of conservatism. He was a moving spirit in the poisonous Lusk agitation and the expulsions at Albany. He is to the cause of decent conservatism what a terrorist is to decent liberalism. Until he is disconnected, until the prominent people whose names are on his letter-head shake him loose, the Civic Federation will continue to be one of the major obstacles to generous dealing between capital and labor.

TO say that Americans would like to see Sir Thomas Lipton win would be rather artificial. It might almost be called "internationalism." And yet if the Shamrock does not win the number of Americans already so cocky they can hardly strut will be somewhat increased. Sir Thomas owes it to America to lift the cup. It will immensely improve our manners if he does, and judging by the speeches of politicians our manners need considerable moderating. At any rate, in case the Shamrock does not win, we can assure Sir Thomas that if he will immigrate to this country, he can take his pick between the Presidency of Yale University, Postmaster-General and Mayor of New York. All three jobs are vacant and require a man of his dimensions.

"THE Government has accepted in principle the definite proposals of the representatives of the petroleum interests." So reads a dispatch from

Mexico City, quoting the journal Universal. Nothing explicit is to be found in the dispatch. "No final agreement," it seems, is to be reached "until the conference on Saturday between Provisional President de la Huerta and the oil men." But details are unimportant, if the Mexican government has in fact agreed to accept in principle what the oil men ask. It is hard to believe that this can be the case. The price was set too high. Mexico was ready to agree to apply no retroactive interpretation of the Constitution regarding sub-soil rights in petroleum. But the oil men wanted nullification of all petroleum legislation based on Article 22 of the Constitution, abolition of a tonnage tax, and cancellation of seventy-five permits already issued for drilling operations on national lands. A government which went this far for the goodwill of foreign capitalists would be gambling dangerously with the goodwill of its own people.

HAVING guaranteed to find one or the other of the major parties acceptable, and having then flatly repudiated the Republicans, it is not surprising to find the leaders of the American Federation of Labor now declaring a preference for the Democrats. Mr. Gompers and his committee are not enthusiastic in the choice they make. Still, they are definitely for the Democrats. "It is but fair to say," asserts their recent manifesto, "that the Democratic platform marks a measure of progress not found in the platform of the Republican party. In relation to labor's proposals the planks written into the Democratic platform more nearly approximate the desired declarations of human rights than do the planks of the Republican platform."

IN support of this statement the Federation can prove its case. The Democratic plank on collective bargaining, with its declaration that workmen have the right of dealing "through representatives of their own choosing," comes nearer what the Federation asked than anything written at Chicago. On most planks, in fact, the Democrats take the lead. But the margin isn't wide. In many places, where labor's hopes were high, the Democrats failed to measure up to expectations. Their platform failed, for instance, to pledge the party against the use of the injunction to settle strikes. To be sure, Mr. Gompers and his colleagues interpret this silence optimistically: "failure to indorse the injunctions secured through the efforts of Attorney-General Palmer in the miners' case may fairly be assumed to constitute a repudiation of that action." But here, as elsewhere in the platform, labor must rely on an assumption. The present type of "nonpartisan" campaign has scored no clear-cut victory.

JUST when congratulations were being passed around that the country was settling down to work, the American Woolen Company closes its four mills at Lawrence and the Pennsylvania Railroad lays off ten per cent of its men. "If business slumps badly," says the publicity man of the railroad, "of course crews will be dropped by the wholesale so that the remaining train service men can make living wages." What does a man do when he is dropped wholesale. He finds another job? If there is one, yes. But suppose he has followed the advice to own a home, suppose he has established himself in some community, suppose his children are at school. Then what does he do? Why he goes west of Pittsburg to find another job. But as he goes what thoughts are in his mind, what thoughts are in the minds of his more fortunate fellow workers who were not dismissed? It is clear what they think.

THEY think that loyalty to the company is their supreme duty, that the convenience of the public is paramount. Their hearts are filled with admiration for the majestic certainty of economic law, for the greatness of private enterprise, for its efficiency, its foresight and its stability. They are resolved in future to profit by its example. They know their duty. It is to remain at work when they are wanted, to let no private interest of their own ever interrupt production, never to press their advantage at a time when labor is needed. For they have learned, have they not, that their employers are ready to make any sacrifice in order to keep business going?

IF they do not draw these conclusions then they must have drawn other conclusions. They may for example have inferred that their equity in the job, their chief property in the world, is a most precarious equity. They may have learned that this equity depends on the judgment of a very few men, that it can be confiscated without due process of law for reasons about which they have not even the right to be consulted. If they have learned this they may be seized with a desire to introduce law and order and property into the management of industry by setting up constitutional government with representation of themselves in the management. They may feel that law and order and property for private industry mean that sickness, accident, unemployment are as legitimate charges upon that industry as the repair and depreciation accounts. They may wish to be represented by their own accountants and their own directors. In that case they will be conscious members of the modern labor movement.

The New Party

SOME people have a curious sense of humor. If a thousand delegates journey to Chicago, perspire enormously for a week, and then go home having rubber-stamped what eight or nine men in a hotel room decided, it is a solemn occasion. It marks a return to American ideals. It is the salvation of the Constitution. It is the protection of American sovereignty. But if a group of men and women journey to Chicago determined to find some alternative, over-anxious, if you like, to inject a creative idea into the phrase-mongering of politics, it is excruciatingly funny. They are a collection of nuts. They are ridiculous. They are absurd. You can bore everybody to tears talking about the importance of making Mr. Palmer or Mr. Nicholas Murray Butler President. That is important. But if you bore people to tears talking about the public ownership of railroads, it is not worth listening to. If ten men in a row stand up and say that the virtues of Washington, Lincoln and Roosevelt are all distilled respectively in Wood, Lowden, Johnson, Harding, Coolidge, Sproul, Du Pont, Sutherland, Pritchard and Butler, the institutions of this republic are working well. But if ten men in a row stand up and differ sharply about the remedy for evils that no one denies, that is a joke.

It would have been more impressive, to be sure, if the gathering at Chicago had produced at once a mature, unified, scientific and inspiring platform, without bickering, without bolts, and without confusion. Such a thing would have happened only were there a simple issue before the people, and great leaders to express it. There are neither. The issues are complicated, touching at once America's relation to the world, the control of the means of communication and natural resources, the modernizing of the political structure, and the strengthening of the rights of the individual against the encroachment of governmental power. Complex issues do not easily produce solidarity and simple emotion, and it was complex issues that the men and women at Chicago came to discuss. They came, moreover, at a time of great apathy and disillusionment, at a time when idealism is at a discount, and the mind of the nation fatigued by the war and by the exhaustion of its public spirit. The very same ennui that produced flat mediocrity at Chicago, the very same intellectual difficulty that has floored every American leader of opinion for a year, the very same bewilderment that has kept the country from deciding definitely one blessed thing from the League to the railroads, operated also at Chicago.

The platform and the name are a project and a hope, not a purpose and a fact. The declarations are not the agreement of the representatives of American labor and the American farmers. They are a trial balloon sent up by a minority of each in the expectation that the platform will provide points of agreement. More than that no one can or ought to claim. The main body of organized farmers abstained. Even the advanced section in the Farmers' Nonpartisan League is waiting and watching. Only a part of the A. F. of L. participated, and by no means the strongest sections of organized labor outside the A. F. of L. The solidarity of labor does not exist today, the solidarity of the farmers certainly does not exist, and of course the fusion of these two non-existent solidarities does not exist. The name Farmer-Labor, like the name Democratic or Republican, is a promise and a proposal, not the statement of something that has been accomplished.

It could not be otherwise. The solidarity suggested by the name is certainly not easy to create, and may very well never be created in America. So many levels and phases of social development are to be found side by side that it is doubtful whether complete fusion is possible. It seems more likely that, if the old parties continue to shirk and evade as they do now, a coalition of progressive factions among wage earners and farmers will take place, but that this coalition will be a minority of the people; that, then, if it is wisely led, the coalition will recognize the fact, will acknowledge the limitations of a class appeal, and will broaden its scope so that the progressive middle class, shopkeepers, administrators, business men and the professions can join as equal partners. Either the party will move towards fusion with the socialists, or it will become the nucleus of insurgents from the other parties, or it will evaporate. Those who control it today will have to make up their minds quickly which way they are headed.

They have not yet made up their minds, and their platform clearly reveals that fact. Take the two most important sections of the platform, headed respectively: Democratic Control of Industry and Public Ownership and Operation. The first of these reads as follows:

> the right of labor to an increasing share in the responsibilities and management of industry, *application of this principle to be developed in accordance with the experience of actual operation.*

This is a fair expression of the liberal temper, because it proposes a profound change in industrial relations but insists that experience, not dogma nor force, shall dictate the form, the speed, and the extent of the change. Though it lacks definition, though it reveals a serious lack of exact planning,

it does introduce into the blind clashes of economic interest the stabilizing and educating force of a genuine appeal to reason. It expresses admirably the mood of those who would ultimately form a liberal party.

Now take the section which follows:

> Immediate repeal of the Esch-Cummins law, public ownership and operation, with democratic control, of all public utilities and natural resources, including stock yards, large abattoirs, grain elevators, water powers and cold storage and terminal warehouses. Government ownership and democratic operation of the railroads, mines and such natural resources as are in whole or in part bases of control, by special interests, of staple industries and monopolies, such as lands containing coal, iron, copper, oil, large water powers and commercial lines . . . .

Between these two sections there appears to be a marked contrast in temper, if not a serious contradiction in doctrine. In the first the workers' party asks power for the workers only as experience justifies it. The doctrine is in harmony with that of the British Labor party. The second demands in effect a colossal grant of economic power to the state, only vaguely qualified by the phrase "democratic control." The doctrine is that of the older movement against privilege, with its rather naive assumption of a bureaucratic state, fit to exert controlling powers and certain to apply them impartially to the general use.

When we turn to those planks which deal with the reforms of that government which is to wield this enormous power, we find amazingly little. To be sure, the party has an admirable declaration about civil liberty, and that is fundamental. But civil liberty cannot be maintained by declaring for it. It can be maintained only by keeping power distributed, especially economic power. Yet the main emphasis of this platform is the concentration of economic power in the government. Has the Farmer-Labor party forgotten that the abuses of liberty against which it protests were the work of an administration apoplectic with political and economic power?

The party has certain proposals for democratizing the government. The first is that the courts shall not declare unconstitutional an act of Congress . . . . the second political plank is the election of judges for a four year term subject to recall. This rests on the notion that you can run a government best, especially a very much extended government, by distrusting its officials. Experience shows, we believe, that the only way to accomplish the end aimed at, namely a democratic and flexible officialdom, is by a better selection and training of public officials, and their supervision by a more vigilant public opinion . . . . the third plank is universal suffrage . . . . the fourth is the initiative referendum and recall. Of these it may be said that they are useful if not used too often, and if they are not regarded as a substitute for the more difficult and more important task of revivifying representative government. The recall especially needs to be safeguarded or it easily becomes an instrument for the mischievous destruction of morale in public office . . . . as to the special provision for a referendum on war, except in case of military invasion, we are less certain than the authors of the platform that it will make for peace. At what stage in the negotiations shall the referendum be held, and if the vote is for war, how much war does it mean, and when may the administration accept mediation from the proposed league of free peoples?

These are the political proposals. They are in our opinion wholly inadequate safeguards against the vast increase of governmental power implied in the economic sections. There is not a word about making the executive responsible to the legislature, not a word about the training, the selection, or the tenure of the public officials needed, an utterly perfunctory reference to the role of voluntary cooperation, no coherent plan for integrating organized labor with the management of public industries, no plan and no suggestion as to how these great public functions are to be divorced from politics, no suggestion as to the means by which they are to be taken over, how their present owners are to be compensated, or how the vast financial operations involved are to be conducted. Every one of these points is crucial, for in the method of socialization lies the whole gamut of differences between a bureaucratic tyranny, revolutionary incompetence, and a constructive social democracy.

When these things have been said, all the essential weakness is faced. The party is not in fact a fusion of farmer and laborer, but the plan of a fusion. Its present leadership, assuming even an eventual fusion of sections, will have to broaden its appeal in order to become a majority party. In its first stages the party leadership has not succeeded in choosing clearly whether it will move towards the socialist left or the progressive center. The platform is badly written, rather confusing at important points, and open to the fundamental criticism that it seems to have taken no cognizance of the progress of thought and experience since the time when government ownership seemed a simple remedy. In many respects the radicalism of the platform predates the present generation.

And yet, in spite of all this, it is a beginning worth the effort. However much it may be ridiculed or ignored, there is not the slightest question that in the course of the campaign it will begin to irrigate

our political Sahara with genuine debate. Build up this party, and two years hence, four years hence, neither of the other parties will dare to mumble and sputter as they did this year. The contrast between an earnest desire to face issues, and sheer evasion of practically everything, will be too sharp as the consequences of evasion unfold themselves. The difficulties of this venture, its crudities, its confusion, its weakness, are not a bit greater than the difficulties of fact which will confront either of the other parties in the next four years. Schisms and revolts within that party there may be, it may perish entirely, but the causes which produced it will not disappear unless the Democrats or Republicans are transfigured. Those causes will continue to operate, in spite of the wittiest things that can be said about them.

Not Enough Salt

FROM Marion comes the news that Harding, the first man up in the first, waits until the count is three and two and then hits the ball. The next thing you expect to hear is that Cox's throw is or is not quick enough to retire the runner. But that is not what you do hear. Dayton or Columbus tells you that Cox is on the green in three. Marion says that Harding has four of a kind. Dayton replies that Cox shows unprecedented speed while beating to windward.

For a moment you are a little surprised, you rub your eyes, you wonder whether you have lost your ability to read print, you seem to remember that somebody told you Cox and Harding were on rival teams, and that a prize was to be given to the winner. Then you remember past history, any history will do, ancient or recent, and the Ohio news becomes clear. What you are reading about is merely a normal Presidential campaign in its normal early stages. With this key in your hands you can unlock the mystery. Now you know why, although telegrams cost money and paper costs more, announcements such as this, from Mr. Will H. Hays, get into print: "I have been delighted to spend Sunday with Senator and Mrs. Harding, and hear the splendid sermon by the Rev. Dr. McAfee, their pastor. It has given me the very greatest pleasure and deepest satisfaction to see the cordiality of greeting and deepest home appreciation of them by the congregation with whom they have worshipped for so many years. It means very much, indeed." And the publication of it means something. So does the publication of this bit of news from Dayton: "'Do you darn the Governor's socks?' Mrs. Cox laughed merrily. 'Sometimes I do,' she said. 'When there is no one else around to do it. I can do it very well, for you see I was brought up in a family of boys. I was the only girl, and I suppose I am terribly spoiled.'" These two telegrams mean the same thing—the campaign is a slow starter and copy is scarce.

And yet, even in this first stage of the campaign, there are every now and then signs that the candidates have begun to realize that they are playing in the same back yard and as competitors. Each is still a little shy of talking about the other, but each does keep an eye on the other fellow's doings. "At the conclusion of the services," says a dispatch to the New York Tribune, "there was a reception before the pulpit platform. The congregation greeted the Hardings and were introduced to Chairman Hays. Nine out of ten people that passed were greeted by the Hardings by their first names, and not a few of these replied with a 'Hello, Warren!' or 'How dy, W. G.,' or 'How are you, Florence?' There were scores of children, and the Senator had a genial word and a chuck under the chin for all of them." The Senator did not long keep the lead given him by this cordial scene. The very next day the New York Times printed a Columbus dispatch which brought Governor Cox level with his rival: "After the speech Governor Cox descended the Capitol steps and held a reception. Men and women were lined up and kept moving past him for an hour as he shook them by the hand and conversed with some. It was noticed that he addressed most of them familiarly by their first names as persons whom he had known for years. It was 'Tom' and 'Jim' and 'Larry' and 'Bill' and so on. Some women brought up babies for the Governor to kiss, as is the custom with candidates, but he did not kiss them . . . He chucked them fondly under the chins and said 'Goo goo' to some, thinking perhaps of the little baby girl in its tiny crib at Trail's End, but not one did he kiss." Well, the two candidates are said to be alike in their unlikeness to supermen, and it would take a real superman to violate precedent, and to supply real news, by calling each baby by its first name and giving every grown-up a chin-chuck.

Already, too, certain differences between the two candidates are beginning to appear, and to appear somewhat characteristic. Governor Cox promises if elected to choose "a real dirt farmer" for Secretary of Agriculture. Senator Harding replies: "That is a reform that the Republican party does not need to adopt. For sixteen years, under three Republican administrations, we had a real farmer from a real farm as Secretary of Agriculture." Governor Cox evinces a disposition to work for that missing ratification of the nineteenth amend-

ment, so that all women of voting age may vote for President in November. Again Senator Harding sits up and takes notice. He is roused. He assumes what a dispatch to the Sun and New York Herald calls "a new role—that of vigorous, authoritative leader of his party." His "patience is sorely tested." He is "wearied with efforts to make partisan advantage out of this situation." He boldly says that twenty-nine Republican and six Democratic states have ratified the amendment. He adds, still more boldly: "I hope there will be ratification, and I don't care a fig whether it is secured through a Republican or a Democratic state." Perhaps this utterance has struck Senator Harding as overbold. It is not quite in the key of his assurance to a group of anti-suffragists that he will give them a hearing. "I do not mean," he says in his letter, "to be a candidate who is the partisan of any particular group in our American activities."

Yes, there is already a difference that separates the two candidates. Mr. Cox is willing to talk about what ought to be done next. Mr. Harding is most at ease when he can talk about what has been done in the past by the Republican party. He prefers the past tense to the future. Contrast his pride in what the Republican party has done for woman suffrage with his readiness to have either party finish the job. Yes, it has been possible to learn a little, a very little about the two candidates even from this early part of the campaign, and to take a mild interest in one's discoveries. But how much better copy the papers got out of those poor old supermen!

State's Wrongs

SENATOR HARDING'S patience has been "sorely tested sometimes over the persistent misrepresentations of the Republican party, its State Governors and Legislatures, in this matter of woman suffrage." He could not help resenting it "whether it emanated from mere mischief makers, or from partisan desires." Presumably he resents it when it emanates from Republican Governors. But it is precisely the weakness of Senator Harding's position that he must resent misrepresentation from such sources in private. He has adopted the role of "listening candidate." He will hear, he will watch, he will ruminate, but he will not lead. If the Governor of Vermont wishes advice on the suffrage issue he may interview Senator Harding at Washington. But the Republican nominee will not act to bring the Governor of Vermont to terms. He will not make a public issue of the Governor's intransigency. He will not dominate his faction. He is the leader of a party which exists to maintain its existence, and his function in politics is conciliation. He must find himself in "fundamental agreement" with every important group. Matters of difference are simply ignored.

But differences which are also "misrepresentations of the Republican party" are ignored with pain and vexation. They try the patience of the coolest front porch observer. And Governor Clement's proclamation of refusal to call a special session of the Vermont legislature is undoubtedly a misrepresentation of Republicanism. Did not the State Party Convention ask for a special session? Did not the State Committee urge it? Did not the Chairman of the National Republican Committee advise it? And what did the nominee of the party suggest in that interview at Washington? Ratification surely. The Republic wants suffrage. The Republican Governor of Vermont obstructs suffrage. This is assuredly a false representation of the party's policy. And yet—one wonders. There is no doubt of Senator Harding's sincerity in advising ratification. He would be more inept than he is if he opposed it. There is no doubt of the sincerity of the National Committee. But the policy of the party is not ratification. The policy of the party is harmony and peace. And victories within the party cannot be won if warfare among the factions is forbidden. Governor Clement may have misrepresented the sincere sentiment of his party, but his position truthfully expresses its major policy and creed. Sentiment must not be indulged at the expense of solidarity. A bird in Vermont is worth dozens of problematical eggs in the country at large.

That Governor Clement understood the dizziness of his position is evident in the intellectual vertigo of his proclamation. He must justify himself to the National Committee and to the women in one and the same document. He must boom and he must tinkle. It is no small tribute to feminism that he failed. To meet the objections of his party he retires to the rock of principle. He wraps himself in the flag of Vermont, grinds his heels against the throat of the Supreme Court and quotes from the Constitution of his state. He enunciates such magic phrases as Organic law, Our Liberties, the Foundations of Free Popular Government. He has been "asked to overlook these considerations as a matter of party expediency, but this is a matter of principle not expediency."

For the benefit of the suffragists themselves he descends to argument. The whole matter is reducible to syllogism. First: Amendments to the Constitution of Vermont must be submitted to the freemen of the state. Second: Amendments to the Constitution of the United States may *not* be submitted,

by the state legislature, on referendum. (So the United States Supreme Court). Third and therefore: there is a conflict between the Constitution of Vermont and the Constitution of the United States —and the Governor's hands are tied. The argument is perfect in all but logic. Undoubtedly there are divergencies between the federal and Vermont Constitutions in method of amendment. But there is no conflict. An amendment to one is not an amendment to the other. The nineteenth article will change the suffrage in Vermont—but not by amendment to the Vermont Constitution. And the provision for ratification by the freemen of the state applies only in alterations of that instrument.

Even if the Governor's propositions did express an antagonism between the state and federal Constitutions his conclusions would still be unconvincing. There would not be a conflict between the two documents because there cannot be a conflict between the federal Constitution and any state Constitution or law. Witness the sixth article of the original Constitution "This Constitution . . . shall be the supreme law of the land, and the judges in every State shall be bound thereby, *anything in the Constitution or laws of any state to the contrary notwithstanding.*" Had Governor Clement missed this paragraph? Or did he hope the suffragists would be ignorant of its provisions?

The tone of the whole proclamation expresses only too clearly the true basis of the Governor's opposition to suffrage. He has not, it appears, a favorable opinion of the intelligence of women. He could not otherwise have presented a so preposterous argument for their conviction. And he could not have garnished it with such astounding obiter dicta. The decision in Hawke vs. Smith, he says,

> —leaves the people at the mercy of any group of men who may lobby a proposal for a change in the Federal Constitution through Congress and then through the Legislature of the States.

Before such a group the nations of earth would lie defenceless.

> As it stands and is interpreted by the Supreme Court today, the Federal Constitution threatens the foundation of free popular government.

Has Governor Clement followed the reports of the Department of Justice? And yet he goes farther. The institution of representative government is even less to him than the Constitution.

> If the people of Vermont in accepting a place in the Union of States, inadvertently lost in whole or in part the right of self-government and *conferred it on a Legislature,* there is all the more reason,—etc.

Does the listening candidate hear these utterances? And do they test his patience there in the rocking chair at Marion?

What Was Gained at Spa?

OPINIONS differ: a great deal was accomplished, or little or nothing, according to the observer's expectations. Those who had expected the settlement of the really big problems, reparations and an economic modus vivendi between the late enemies, are naturally disappointed. The conference set a new time limit for German disarmament and revised the coal requirements fixed in the Treaty. The new requirements are about as much below those of the Treaty as they are above the actual deliveries in recent months. They are not inherently impossible—two millions of tons monthly out of a total output which could be kept at ten millions, if the mines are managed and worked efficiently. For this coal Germany is to receive an allowance on the reparations account determined by the German domestic price, and a premium of five marks gold per ton to be applied to the feeding of the German miners. In addition, the Allies hold themselves ready to advance to Germany credits equal to the difference between the world price of coal and the German domestic price, thus placing Germany in a position to procure considerable quantities of foodstuffs and materials from abroad if she lives up to her agreement. Further, a commission, on which the Germans shall be represented, will oversee the distribution of the coal of Upper Silesia, thus insuring to Germany a share of it whether the plebiscite goes against her or not.

These are material concessions, offset, it is true, by the explicit threat that if Germany falls short in her deliveries the Allies will occupy additional territory, either in the Ruhr mining basin or elsewhere. The concessions are important, but in their substance they represent only a short step in the direction of European reconciliation. Their chief importance lies in the kind of negotiations out of which they resulted.

The Allied statesmen found themselves forced to abandon the position that it was their prerogative to give orders and the Germans to hear and obey, or make show of obeying. The Allies had to recognize that German consent and cooperation were indispensable, if any real progress was to be made. It is true that they did avail themselves of the threat of military intervention to goad the Germans to a more generous consent than could be won from them by argument. But they listened attentively to what the German representatives had to say on the difficulties of extracting more work from the miners by governmental agreements based upon force alone. They took seriously the argument of the German representatives that the present German government could not survive an agreement

too drastic in its terms, too humiliating to the German people. For the first time since the days of war propaganda the Allied statesmen have taken cognizance of the distinction between the German government and the German people, and have admitted the necessity of taking the sentiment of the people into account, in applying the terms of the Treaty. That is a significant gain. Through this breach in the conquerors' will, narrow as it is, one can get a glimpse of a vista of further modifications of the Treaty, leading toward peace.

But let us not fall into the delusion that this progress toward peace is the consequence of natural good will welling up in the breasts of the conquerors who dictated the terms of the Treaty of Versailles. They are moving toward reconciliation with Germany, just as they are moving toward peace with Russia, only because they grow less and less certain that they hold in their hands the means for executing a policy of force. They were able, to be sure, to indulge themselves in the gesture of summoning the French and British generalissimos when the German representatives exhibited too great stubbornness. But they knew, and the Germans knew, that the Allied working masses would not be over-enthusiastic about a new war to compel the underfed and anaemic German miners to deliver a more abundant tribute of coal. Servile coal for Allied capitalism does not look like the summum bonum to Allied labor.

And it is not difficult to see that similar forces will operate to reduce the indemnity to bearable proportions, in the conferences that are to come. The indemnity can be paid only through the products of German labor; and Allied labor will see the analogy to the products of prison labor, if the Allied statesmen press their claims under the Treaty too far. The indemnity will have to be reduced to terms which a representative German government could underwrite, if the Allied governments are to escape the risk of summoning to war peoples that do not feel the validity of the reasons for fighting.

In the last analysis, it is the growing political weakness of war-made governments that gives impulse to the movement toward reconciliation now gaining head in Europe. The governments move reluctantly, but the evolution of events compels them to move. If they could have reinforced their position through the support of America, they would probably be standing stock still. For the American masses are too remote to exert a moderating influence upon the government in its European relations. Our government would be freer than any European government to hold to the letter of the Treaty. That is, perhaps, the real reason why both Lloyd George and Millerand are urging the desirability of the prompt accession of the United States to the Allied counsels. There will no doubt come a time when the good offices of the United States might make for peace. That time has not come yet. The process of reconciliation is under way, and America cannot afford to run the risk of arresting it.

Tipping

A CERTAIN natural squeamishness on the subject of bribery in politics and government is much to our credit. A few thousand dollars paid under ambiguous circumstances by an unauthorized subordinate put an end to one of the most promising Presidential booms. The few isolated cases of corruption among minor government officials during the war were visited with the promptest punishment at the hands of indignant juries. Whatever may be our other shortcomings, in governmental matters we are committed in theory against the payment of money to influence a man in the performance of his duty.

A new publication has recently appeared, boldly hazarding the uncertainties of the print paper market, to remind us that outside the field of politics and government, common honesty is not today so prevalent a virtue. The Commercial Bribery and Tipping Review announces itself as A Monthly Periodical Opposed to All Forms of Gratuities, and is already waging a valiant if solitary battle against the forces of corruption in the commercial and personal relations of men. It is trying to do in this country, so we gather from its pages, what the Bribery and Secret Commissions Prevention League, Incorporated, has for over a decade been trying to do in England, to build up in private relations the same ethical standards of honesty that prevail where governmental duties are concerned.

To the uninitiated, all this may seem unreal and extraordinary. Graft, we like to believe, is a peculiarity of politics. We have always been taught to contrast the honesty of private business with the corruption and favoritism of government activity. We have our periodical exposures of graft in government, but graft in commerce and industry never gets into the news. No screaming headlines proclaim that John Smith, vice-president of the X corporation, received a commission for awarding a contract, or that Thomas Jones, a director of the Y corporation, used his influence to get a soft job for his incompetent nephew. No thundering editorials demand that the president of the Z corporation discharge his grafting bookkeeper or forthwith resign.

Yet if we face the matter frankly, it is hard to avoid the conclusion that the very reason there is more noise about graft in politics than in business, is that our political standards are so much higher than our business standards. Nepotism, for instance, is today regarded as a cardinal sin in politics, yet it is well-nigh universal in business. Secret commissions are not as respectable, yet they are widely prevalent in certain lines of business, while entertainments, cigars, banquetting, and other subtle forms of bribery flourish luxuriantly wherever buyers congregate.

It is hard to disagree with the editor of the Commercial Tipping and Bribery Review. Public officials are public servants, and bribery is a crime because it exposes them to influences inconsistent with their service to the public. But surely private business also is to be justified only on the ground of its service to the public. Society dangles profits before a business man's eyes because it hopes to stimulate him to produce something that the public needs. The man who offers him or his employee a bribe to affect his judgment is substituting an incentive which may as well as not be inconsistent with this object. The distinction between political and commercial bribery is rather traditional than substantial. A shoe manufacturer who bribes an inspector to pass defective shoes can snap his fingers at the law if the inspector is employed by a private customer, but if the customer happens to be the War Department, he goes to jail. On March 1st, 1920, it was entirely lawful to bribe a baggage porter to disregard his official duty; but on February 29th, 1920, when the railroads were still under federal control, it was a criminal offence. So, at least, the Circuit Court of Appeals has held, and the question is now before the Supreme Court.

Commercial bribery by a competitor is a form of unfair competition severely dealt with in the European commercial codes. The United States alone of the great commercial nations has no law on the subject. The courts have held that commercial bribery is not an "unfair method of competition" within the meaning of the Trade Commission law, and even if the decision is reversed in the Supreme Court, the Trade Commission law is hardly an adequate weapon, since it carries no criminal penalties. Congress, therefore, can do its bit by passing a law against bribery and secret commissions in interstate commerce.

The tipping problem, however, lies deeper. The tip, or gratuity, whether paid to induce the performance of duty or the breach of duty, is inconsistent with every notion of the dignity of labor and the personal independence of the laborer. The whole genius of the modern labor movement lies in its insistence on an assured, independent status for labor, established through collective bargaining, confirmed by the power of organization, free from the changing and arbitrary whims of a particular employer. The tipping system on the other hand makes the daily income of the worker dependent upon his subservience to the passing humor of the customer. It promotes fawning and sycophancy, and kills dignity and independence.

We venture to suggest, therefore, to the editor of the Commercial Bribery and Tipping Review that he enroll under the banner of his crusade the power of organized labor. If the waiters' unions and barbers' unions and Pullman porters' unions will incorporate in their demands a plank calling for the abolition of tipping, coupled with an increase in wages to make up for the immediate loss in income, they will have taken a step of infinitely greater importance than all the anti-tipping legislation on the statute books. The average citizen can do little. To refuse to pay a tip at your restaurant is merely to penalize the waiter who is so unlucky as to be assigned to your table. The individual worker also can hardly be expected to decline the tips from which he is expected to eke out his insufficient wage. But the labor union has the power to enforce a no-tipping rule, and to enforce it in such a way that the burden of the transition will not fall on the laborer. Anti-tipping legislation is perhaps useful, as a supplement, but without the backing and power of organized labor it is futile.

In the meantime more power to William Rufus Scott and his Commercial Bribery and Tipping Review. He may not succeed in organizing a general strike to abolish tipping, but he can at least serve to remind us once a month of the truth of William Graham Sumner's dictum: "Sovereigns do not take tips."

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EDITORS

HERBERT CROLY — CHARLES MERZ
FRANCIS HACKETT — WALTER LIPPMANN
ALVIN JOHNSON — PHILIP LITTELL
SIGNE TOKSVIG, Assistant Editor

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Third Party Happenings

I WILL try to sum up the results of the third party happenings at Chicago.

The grand general result may be said to illustrate the stern truth that nothing can really swerve the labor movement from its appointed path, no matter how perverse that path may seem to some outsiders. At Chicago a few particularly conspicuous members of the Committee of 48 tried to inject an "individualistic" philosophy into a political gathering in which an American labor party was prominently present. The representatives of the Labor party defeated those gentlemen and defeated them with Committee of 48 votes. The joint party of wage earners, of farmers and of Forty-Eighters started off into existence on the true collectivist line of the labor movement of the world.

One must say first that the farmers of the joint party were for the most part thoroughly collectivist already. They came principally from the northwest out of Nonpartisan League surroundings. Some of them were delegates to the Committee of 48 convention. They came as individuals. From South Dakota, however, there came a delegation acting as a delegation and led by the South Dakota Nonpartisan League State Chairman. These farmers of South Dakota were the scream of the whole Chicago third party show.

They took one good look at the Committee of 48, and then they took one good look at the Labor party, and then they sat right down with the Labor party in Carmen's Hall, while the Committee of 48 was still holding separate sessions in the Morrison Hotel, and they proceeded to enter into conferences with the Labor party on the platform. At the first conference they brought in the following plank: Proportional occupational representation in all legislative bodies.

Now the Labor party's writers of platform literature were not timid men. But when they saw a plank on occupational legislatures handed to them by a delegation of property owners, they begged for mercy. They asked to be allowed to defer declaring for soviets.

"Of course the other fellows will call it soviets," said a farmer, "but what difference does it make? They are going to call you Bolshevists anyhow. We don't care what it's called. We want it."

But when the platform of the joint party was read, it contained no plank for legislative representation by occupations.

The Labor party had exercised a restraining influence on the landed proprietors from South Dakota. "Just the same," said one of them, "this is where we feel at home. We've looked at their platform. Weak in spots. But it's good. We're for it."

At that time the Labor party platform contained a tidy little plank for the public ownership and operation—or the nationalization—or the nationalization under the principles of the Plumb plan—or the nationalization with Democratic control—or the mere nationalization—as the case might be—of the following human enterprises and possessions:

All public utilities, natural resources and credit facilities, including banks, insurance, stock yards, grain elevators, water power, cold storage and terminal warehouses; railroads; mines, oil lands, pipe lines and tanks; telegraph and telephone lines; large forests and large unused tracts of land.

It seemed good to the delegation from South Dakota. It seemed less good to certain representatives of the Committee of 48. The primary diplomatic fact during the third party happenings at Chicago was that there was an essential solidarity of economic purpose between the wage earners and the farmers while among the delegates of the Committee of 48 there was a split between those who voted with the wage earners and farmers and those who followed Mr. George Record, Mr. Amos Pinchot and Mr. Allen McCurdy in Mr. McCurdy's emphatic declaration, delivered during his thrillingly eloquent keynote speech: "We are individualists."

Under pounding from Mr. Record, Mr. Pinchot and Mr. McCurdy, the collectivist features of the Labor party's platform were indeed a bit bruised. For instance, the statement in favor of public ownership and operation of all credit facilities was changed to a statement in favor of the "Establishment of National and State owned banks" in competition with private banks. Many concessions in platform were made to the Committee of 48 by the Labor party. Finally, in fact, the platform report read to the convention of the joint party by Mr. Record and the platform report read to it by Mr. Buck of the Labor party were approximately at one in matters of specific proposed legislation. Yet the fight over the two reports in the Convention Hall was vehement and vital; and the victory by Mr. Buck over Mr. Record was crushing to the "individualistic" faction in the new party—and it was so taken.

This was the moment, and this was the cause, of Mr. La Follette's refusal to lead the third party. He could not properly lead it. Mr. Record is said

to have remarked: "The trouble with Mr. Buck's platform is in its psychology." He was acutely right.

Out of Mr. Buck's platform one gets somehow a feeling as of a working class whether in city or on farm, advancing into collectivism gladly. But of Mr. Record's platform report one gets a feeling as of citizens—strongly resenting great economic evils and, to cure them, making concessions to collectivism. In other words, Mr. Record's platform report is not, and Mr. Buck's platform instinctively is, a document in the development of the labor movement. But it is not the function, since it is not the impulse, of Mr. La Follette to be a labor movement leader. Without the impulse it would have been false, it would have been artificial, for him to try to lead. He was true to himself and white to the whole situation in refusing to try.

The vote on the platform at Chicago was taken after Mr. Record had informed the convention that Mr. La Follette was ready to run on the platform reported by Mr. Record but not on the platform recommended by Mr. Buck. The convention was rapturously devoted to Mr. La Follette. Mr. Buck was devoted to him as to no other man in public office.

And Mr. Buck knew, and the delegates knew, that without La Follette they were let down from the prospect of a glittering rushing campaign to the prospect of an obscure grubbing one. The platform that Mr. Record said that Mr. La Follette could not accept was thereupon adopted by a vote in which the "Ayes" were more than twice as numerous as the "Noes." A political party never gave a braver proof of its sincerity.

That convention was determined to show that its conscience and its purpose looked in the direction of the economics of Mr. Buck and not in the direction of the economics of Mr. Record. The economic differences between the two men personally were as important to the result as the differences between their reports. They were even more important. By that time in the history of third party affairs at Chicago the issue demanding instant and emphatic settlement was:

Shall ideas like those of Mr. Record and Mr. Pinchot and Mr. McCurdy prevail? Shall we constantly recur to the theory of "individualism" and constantly denounce the idea of "a class party"? Or do we accept the theory that the class of all who work by hand or brain is good enough and big enough for us; that the class of workers is the emancipating class; that emancipation will be collective?

That was the issue. It was answered with a roar. And thereupon the leaders of the Committee of 48, having failed in the extraordinary task of trying to make the labor movement change its nature for them, refused quite naturally and rightly to change their own nature and remained "individualists" and began to prepare to depart from a place where they never belonged.

But let that bolt from the Farmer-Labor party be understood. The Forty-Eighters went to Carmen's Hall and sat with the Labor party of their own free will. The Labor party gave them much more voting power than they numerically deserved. It gave them just about twice as much. This power was then very effectively used. The Labor party, after Mr. La Follette had withdrawn his name, wanted to nominate Mr. Dudley Field Malone for the Presidency. Mr. Christensen was nominated with Forty-Eighter and farmer votes. And the platform itself was adopted overwhelmingly only because a very large fraction of the Forty-Eighters fell away from Mr. Record and Mr. Pinchot and Mr. McCurdy and joined itself to Mr. Buck and Mr. Lefkowitz.

It was thought that fully half of the Forty-Eighters voted for the Buck platform. Among them one may mention Mr. Swinburne Hale and Mr. France, Senator France's brother. The leading Forty-Eighters, if they were "driven out of the Farmer-Labor party," as one newspaper expressed it, were driven out by Forty-Eighters as truly as by Laborites. There were many Forty-Eighters who by their temperament and by their philosophy belong to the new joint party as earnestly as any trade unionist.

They will remain there. The third party retains its two main economic groups—the trade unionists and the farmers, and it retains more than a few Forty-Eighters. It is a small party. But it is based on principles which everywhere else in the civilized arrived world have produced large results. Can it be thought that when this frontier of civilization has turned out to be quite open to capitalistic social developments which characterize Europe, it will be immune to the answering developments which in every European country have led on toward parties of collectivist producers? I will try to describe the resources of the new party, and its prospects, and the character of its Presidential nominee, and its platform, in a following article. I add here the guess that the Forty-Eighters who have withdrawn from the Farmer-Labor party are almost all of them among the persons who long have seen and said that the Republican party and the Democratic party are severally and together a class party. Now they have had reason to learn to suspect that parties formed to fight the Republican and Democratic parties will turn out to be class parties too. How can people vote classlessly when they do nothing else classlessly?

WILLIAM HARD.

Wilfrid Blunt: Self-Determinist

THREE admirable yet wholly dissimilar English poets have reached their eightieth year in 1920: Mr. Austin Dobson from whose delicate old-world instrument have come "sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not"; Mr. Thomas Hardy who has most clearly voiced the implications possibly inherent in the scheme of things as viewed by the modern mind; and now, on August the seventeenth, Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt with whom poetry has been the avocation of leisure hours in the midst of a life of action and protest and adventure. Of the three Mr. Blunt is probably the least widely known, yet his work touches perhaps most closely upon the ideas and aspirations of liberal-minded men today. It is proper, upon the anniversary of his birth, to call to mind the champion of nationalism in Egypt, the defender of Irish Home Rule, and the author of Proteus. As a political agitator he will be remembered not for what he accomplished but as the author of a series of plain-spoken documents to serve for the history of his time. The nationalistic causes which he served seem today utterly to have failed; and this Mr. Blunt himself realizes. There can be no question of indiscretion in quoting the following passage from one of the latest of various pleasant letters received by the present writer from the venerable poet:

> Your letter which has just reached me gives me, I need not say, much pleasure, and all the more as coming from America where, I imagine, the causes I have spent so much of my life in trying to serve are still more out of date than with ourselves. I still, however, have hope in the far future of a reversion to the more generous principles which prevailed in my youth, and your letter confirms me in the thought that it may be nearer than in my despair I have lately come to regard it. It depends entirely now upon the better thought of America whether what remains of liberty in the ancient world of Asia is allowed to survive and with it the tradition of a wiser happiness than ours in Christendom—all sympathy with which seems dead in Europe.

Beyond doubt Mr. Blunt's contemporary reputation as a writer of verses whose thought moved largely and very frankly in the sphere of intensely personal emotion harmed his influence as a politician. Can it be that these very verses may prove the most lasting part of his achievement? It is unlikely that the poems of country life, such as The Idler's Calendar (in which one finds also some of Blunt's experiences of the social world and of travel) and the Sussex Pastorals will survive. The same may be said fairly confidently of the poems of travel, including many of the sonnets in the last part of Proteus. There has been too much of that sort of thing since Childe Harold set the fashion. Nor are the metaphysical poems of Blunt's later years of great consequence, though The Wisdom of Merlyn may attract an occasional reader for its sermon upon the text: "Quit ye like men; be strong." One at least of the so-called translations From the Arabic has in it something of a more lasting quality; this is The Desolate City which has obtained wide currency through its inclusion in The Oxford Book of English Verse. The various "love-lyrics" have in them too little of the genuine and inevitable lyric mood to give them assurance of long life. There remain the political poems and the Love-Sonnets.

The political poems, of which two are of more significance than the rest, may be considered first. The Wind and the Whirlwind (1883) is a product of the difficult and complex years preceding and following the rebellion of Arabi when Blunt was a thorn in the side of Gladstone's government, resisting by public protest and private advice the march of events that were leading to permanent British occupation of Egypt and ardently advocating the liberation of that country alike from Turkish tyranny and English overlordship. Blunt has himself acknowledged the influence of Byron's example in thus espousing the cause which has come to be called "self-determination" for the peoples of the Eastern Mediterranean. In this poem there is a Byronic force and passion along with an equally Byronic indifference to the niceties of prosody. It was regarded as unpatriotic and even treasonable when it first appeared, and efforts were made, it is said, to suppress it. The inspiration was derived from the rising of Arabi Pasha who is regarded as the patriotic reformer calling upon the Egyptians to shake off the foreign yoke. The poem unfolds as an indignant protest against British imperialistic expansion.

> Oh I would rather fly with the first craven
> Who flung his arms away in your good cause,
> Than head the hottest charge by England vaunted
> In all the record of her unjust wars.

Such sentiments are in stimulating contrast to those of the host of celebrators of "the strength and splendor of England's war." With the poet's gift of vision Blunt makes an extraordinary prophecy of the rising of the Mahdi and the death of Gordon. He repudiates the modern patriotic idea that the

man must be submerged in the countryman, that loyalty to the flag is above loyalty to the truth.

Satan Absolved (1899) is the other memorable political poem. Students of Herbert Spencer may recall the incentive which the great philosopher furnished to Blunt before the composition of this Victorian Mystery. Spencer, with a knowledge of Swinburne's early poems of revolt and freedom and uninformed of his later lapse into the position of a "lost leader," wrote urging him to employ his great gifts in protest against the imperialistic jingoism so rife in the later nineties. Swinburne, who was then shouting shrilly that England should scourge the South African "dogs," of course refused; and Spencer, looking for an ally who could give his thoughts popular poetic form, turned to Blunt. The result was this dramatic poem, suggestive of the Prologue to Faust. It lacks the authentic utterance of great poetry but it is still of interest as a sturdy protest against the current cant of "the White Man's Burden." Satan, reporting to the Almighty that the Anglo-Saxons have gone further than he can lead them, recites the long account of hypocrisy and corruption, reaching this climax:

> The ignoble shouting crowds, the prophets of their Press,
> Pouring their daily floods of bald self-righteousness,
> Their poets who write big of the "White Man's Burden." Trash!
> The White Man's Burden, Lord, is the burden of his cash.

The Mystery has neither the lofty dignity of Watson's protests against the Boer War nor the concentrated scathing scorn of Labouchere's Where is the Flag of England? But it is memorable and its author deserves a place in history by the side of Morley and Lloyd George—the Lloyd George of a quarter of a century ago—and the other true patriots who faced howling mobs to plead for "self-determination" for the Boers.

But political poems, if remembered at all, remain alive only in the minds of students, and within a few years Blunt's work in this kind will require commentary like that bestowed upon Hudibras and Absalom and Achitophel. Wilfrid Blunt the "love-poet" has most chance of immortality. I cannot believe that words such as his which came with such fiery force from a human heart will ever cease to appeal to some hearts. The Songs and Sonnets of 1875 were succeeded by The Love Sonnets of Proteus which appeared anonymously in 1881 and to which the author, with characteristic regard for perfect sincerity, attached his name in the following year. In successive years, it should be observed, many more meditations in sonnet-form were added, but it is the earlier pieces that are of most consequence. A decade after their first appearance these poems were "crowned" by being printed by William Morris at the Kelmscott Press. In 1892 the narrative sonnet-sequence Esther, which is closely connected in theme with the first part of Proteus, appeared. This later sequence tells with perhaps disconcerting frankness of "a young man's tragedy" (as the sub-title has it) of fascination, love, and separation. The scene of the episode was Lyons; Esther an actress playing the part of Manon. Blunt, a modern Des Grieux, has the bitter experience of loving and losing a woman whom he is conscious of being unworthy all the while that he adores her. Addressing her as Manon in the first part of Proteus he had said:

> If I had chosen thee, thou shouldst have been
> A virgin proud, untamed, immaculate,
> Chaste as the morning star, a saint, a queen,
> Scarred by no wars, no violence of hate.
> Thou shouldst have been of soul commensurate
> With thy fair body, brave and virtuous
> And kind and just; and, if of poor estate,
> At least an honest woman for my house.
> I would have had thee come of honoured blood
> And honourable nurture. Thou shouldst bear
> Sons to my pride and daughters to my heart,
> And men should hold thee happy, wise, and good.
> Lo, thou art none of these, but only fair.
> Yet must I love thee, dear, and as thou art.

The end is disillusionment. They separate. Yet the height of Esther is reached in the superb denial of the truth the poet sings:

> Nessun maggior dolore
> Che ricordasi del tempo felice
> Nella miseria.

For after the parting from his Manon come the words:

> He who has once been happy is for aye
> Out of destruction's reach;

and when he sees the empty-headed crowd applaud the words of a demagogue, when he watches "cities deck their streets for barren wars which have laid waste their youth," when he learns how small a dole of vanity will keep the soul alive—then he remembers that he

> once was young
> And lived with Esther the world's gods among.

Of the four parts of Proteus, the first, Manon, is, then, evidently a meditative accompaniment, apparently contemporaneous with the actual experience, of the love-affair told less allusively in Esther.

The second part, Juliet, has likewise a symbolic name. The theme that winds through it is that "the soul is more than joy." The third part, Gods and false Gods, lacks definite sequence and has in it most of the dark fatalism into which Blunt has at times plunged and that tinges so much of late nineteenth century poetry. The last portion is in the main a series of impressions of travel and includes the well-known and quite magnificent sonnet on Gibraltar.

It is characteristic of a poet who is often too diffuse and who is generally indifferent to the requirements of technique that, though he usually subdues his material to the lawful limits of the sonnet's narrow plot of ground, he not only breaks the strict bondage of the sonnet's laws by illegitimate rhyme-schemes and by using assonance in place of rhyme, but often escapes altogether, when his thought refuses to be compressed, and produces poems of eighteen or twenty lines instead. More serious defects are the presence of many imperfect rhymes, of forced and unpleasant metaphors, and of far-fetched "conceits." But this very unregardfulness of form for form's sake was a healthy sign, coming as it did at a period when the quest of form for form's sake was driving sincerity from the field of poetry.

For above all things the verse of Blunt is sincere. The Byronic tradition, a scanty stream in later English verse, flows at its clearest in his poetry. If there is introspection, there is in it nothing anticipative of the eighteen-nineties. There is not mere morbid self-deceitful brooding but pitiless clear-sighted self-analysis. And, in the words of Mr. Untermeyer (applied by him to younger poets), this poetry reveals "the loved one as fully as it expresses the lover"; it is "a love-poetry that searches even while it sings." Here is a man honest with himself and with the Beloved and with the world, bringing loyalty even to the service of those relationships wherein disloyalty most often plays a part. Comparison with other sonnet-sequences is inevitable. With all the divine inspiration and matchless beauty of some (by no means all) of Shakespeare's Sonnets there is in them of course something quite alien from the experience of the modern man. Many of us are repelled by the psychological subtleties or else by the taint of theatricality in Modern Love. The greater Sonnets from the Portuguese lead upward to heights too lofty, to an atmosphere too rarified for most of us to breathe in. From the heavy perfumes of The House of Life most of us escape as soon as possible. Blunt, on the other hand, speaks of such experiences as in one form or another come to most men; only he has the rare and perilous gift, the gift of self-expression, that we lack. Hence his appeal. It is unlikely that as a whole even the love-poems will ever be widely read. But no anthology can be considered representative that does not contain such pieces as On His Fortune in Loving Her and On a Lost Opportunity and the incomparable Sibylline Books with which this brief tribute of admiration may fittingly close:

When first, a boy, at your fair knees I kneeled,
'Twas with a worthy offering. In my hand
My young life's book I held, a volume sealed,
Which none but you, I deemed, might understand.
And you I did entreat to loose the band
And read therein your own soul's destiny.
But, Tarquin-like, you turned from my demand,
Too proudly fair to find your fate in me.
When now I come, alas, what hands have turned
Those virgin pages! Some are torn away,
And some defaced, and some with passion burned,
And some besmeared with life's least holy clay.
Say, shall I offer you these pages wet
With blood and tears? And will your sorrow read
What your joy heeded not?—Unopened yet
One page remains. It still may hold a fate,
A counsel for the day of utter need.
Nay, speak, sad heart, speak quick. The hour is late.
Age threatens us. The Gaul is at the gate.

SAMUEL C. CHEW.

Who's Who

AS I am a member of the very humble race of college instructors it goes without saying that I have never summoned the money necessary to take me on a visit to England. And as I had accumulated a wife and a baby I was not even drafted for a visit to what Miss Amy Lowell calls "Hedge Island," en route to France.

However, in intervals of theme-correcting I have accumulated a small literary acquaintance with Britain and her cathedrals and greens from Trollope, a little of Britain and her villages and hedges from Mrs. Gaskell, something of parks and lodges from Miss Austin, something of nurseries and gardens and attics from Kenneth Grahame, and something more of gardens and of walks (probably stone-flagged) in them, from Coventry Patmore. I had heard of circles and terraces and lanes in London and Brighton and Bath from Thackeray and even from Harrison Ainsworth, and I knew from my distant Henty that there was always an English hero present at Cawnpore and Singapore and in Togoland if it should prove necessary for him to be there. Further it seemed that some Englishmen and some English ladies had a habit of deserting their own charming green country for greener Italy on occasion. All these facts in regard to English life were fragmentary, I knew, but they were attractive in a gentlemanly way, and I always

kept a desire to see the places, the places even more than the people.

As the years pass and England grows more distant for me and the romance of English domestic and other life grows no less, I go for a visualization of how those Englishmen live and where they live to a perusal of the British Who's Who. And that publication continues to assure me that they do have the most charming places in which to live, or, at any rate, have the most pleasant names for those places.

Here, says the Who's Who, is an Englishman (with, I trust, a large and healthy family) who lives at Meads, Pinkney's Green, Berks. Is there anything like that in America? I trow not. And here is a lucky man who lives,—simply, no doubt and highmindedly,—at The Beeches Cottage, Carshalton. Simply Carshalton. Did I read he has "one *s.* one *d.*"? I hope so and also that they were born since 1909 so that I can imagine the pinafored youngsters playing just beyond the hedge off the narrow (but smooth) gray road. Roads? Of course. Plenty of roads. A distinguished gentleman lives at Overroads, Beaconsfield, Berks. And there is Mershire Lodge, Marlborough Road, Bournemouth. Even if one has to live in Birmingham, which, I seem to have heard, is not the most romantic place in England, he can find a home on Yew Tree Road, Edgbaston, while in New York, even the carefully nursed yews of Prince Edward on the Columbia University campus, slowly but surely wither and die!

And even if one has to live in the metropolis, he need not live let us say, at 324 W. 218 St. nor at 123890 Fifth Avenue, but, if you please, and forsooth, at Branksea, St. Mary's Grove, Barnes Common, S. W. At least I suppose that is London. It sounds delightfully like it. If one, however, is so unfortunate as to find no place with a bright green name to it, one surely can find a place with a name like Paper Buildings, Temple, S. E. There must be something attractive about Paper Buildings, even though it be not an arboreal attractiveness.

And should not anyone be pleased to live at Wheal Betsy, Newlyn, Penzance; or at Iping House, Midhurst; or at The Cearne, Kent Hatch, Edinburgh; or at The Inch, Liberton, nr. Edinburgh? Nr., merely nr. (How does the postman find such places?) Many Englishmen seem unwilling to confide to Who's Who where they live. No doubt they have homes with names too precious to share.

How can an Englishman bear to leave such places even to repair to the Villa Viviani, Settignano, Florence; to Villino Chiaso, Repallo, Italy; to Port Moresby, Papua; to Zungeru, Nigeria; or even to Gelliwig, Pwllheli?

Think not that these are shining examples culled with care from among commonplace addresses. These and their like I meet every time I open the romantic volume, the British Who's Who. Here are ten addresses taken in order and starting with the first name my eye fell on. The Nore, Godalming. (One feels like asking as was once asked of the Akond of Swat, Who? which? when? and what? in regard both to The Nore and to Godalming.) Grove House, Regents Park, N. W. Hale Park, Salisbury. New Court, Temple, E. C. Wick Studio, Holland Road, Hove, Sussex. (In pleasant alternation the fortunate inhabitant repairs to the Villa dell' Ombrellino, Via della Piazzola, Florence.) 46 Pont Street, S. W. Carrowroe Park, Roscommon, Ireland. Yunnan-fu, China. Cragg, Birdhill, Limerick, Ireland. 4 Seaford Court, W., whence, when it pleases him, the owner passes to Croft House, Stansted, Essex.

Do we dare turn to the American Who's Who and confess that we, over here, live in most unromantic places? Bravely let us open the volume and start at random.

Our first man lives in Waukesha, Wis. Let us thank the aborigenes. The list begins not badly. 'Tis pity, though, we have to use a period after Wis while the Englishman needs none after Hants. Our second man affords two homes, "Kanyonkrag," Yonkers-on-Hudson, N. Y., and Ranch Soh-loh-nee, Mariposa, California. Fortunately, Mariposa is pretty. Our next man lives in Athens, Ga., upon which fact and place we shall not comment, and two more addresses are 350 W. 70th St., N. Y., and Washington, D. C. Next comes a home on Portsmouth Terrace, Rochester, N. Y. Bravo Terrace! even though you seem not quite at home on these shores. And now, painful to me who live at 1768 Something "Av." and to you who may live at 8671 Other St. come 2112 Mass. Av., Washington, and 1905 Cambridge Rd. (not Road, alas!) Ann Arbor, Mich.

Finally, quietly, and with no romantic thrill we record the last two addresses as Montclair, N. J., and Richmond Hill, L. I., N. Y.

J. H. McKee.

Dream Fragment

Last night I walked in southern Brittany,
In deep, warm meadows where the rouge-gorge sang,
A land cliff-bordered, by an azure sea,
Far off, far down, the muffled buoy bells rang
In bays that stretched into a land of indolence,
It seemed the peasants in a fit of folly,
Had fled and left me in sweet impotence
To range blue uplands, tinged with melancholy,
And amethystine pastures, smooth and lone,
Charmed by a tepid ocean's magic moan.

Hervey Allen.

The Russians in Germany

THE latest of the periodicals to be started in Germany in the Russian language has just reached me. It says: "The world is living through a moment full of history-making and responsibility. At the basis of all its difficulties and all its hopes is the Russian question."

Of the papers published in Russian in Europe the best are in Germany, with one exception, Otkliki, or Echoes, which is in German Switzerland. There may be changes in detail that have not yet come to my attention, for such publications are born and die fast, but the principles do not change.

The paper from which I quoted in opening, is a new fortnightly, Zhizn or Life, sent me by a Russian friend, whose ardent efforts had been given to his people at home up to last year, when he escaped from a Bolshevist prison, and have since been devoted to the best kind of constructive effort abroad. His enclosed letter said:

> You will notice that the title is printed in green. This indicates an intellectual equivalent of the green army.

Much meaning is condensed into that reference to the colored title. The green army was the loose militia organization of the farmers in Central Russia who meant to see that whatever the swing of political and military fortune there should be no interference with the division of land as it has been made by the revolution. This army was not Bolshevist and it was not interventionist or restorationist. It was the Russian peasant looking after the essential fruits of the revolution as he understood them. He took as little interest in constituent assemblies as he did in Karl Marx. His affair was not with the topics of the politically minded. He meant to be let alone with his own land, to support his own life.

When a group of intellectuals take green as their color the analogy is clear. They are men who do not hope to achieve the salvation of Russia in party contest or in immediate political change. They believe that a communistic dictatorship is interfering with some of the most fruitful and characteristic sources of Russian strength, but they prefer even this evil to an opposition that is nothing except opposition, and that undertakes to undo some of those revolutionary changes that cannot be undone. Above all they object to expatriates who call on foreigners to invade their country or by blockade to keep it from obtaining those machines which are essential to the distribution of food, fuel, and clothing.

In expounding the intellectually green point of view the best work among the daily newspapers outside of Russia is done by the Golos Rossii, or The Voice of Russia, of Berlin. The Golos Rossii has constantly published discussions of the duty of Russian intellectuals, as well as of the desirable relations of Russia to Germany. Its moral tone is elevated. It has an active interest in news of solid information, is opposed to sensational news and gives chapters and extracts from the most informatory books on Russia, especially if they are published in the Russian language.

The Vremya, or Times, was also started in Berlin to represent the point of view of what we call big business,—more or less the kind of pre-war liberalism represented by Milyukov.

A third daily paper, The Prizyv, or Call, has been a readable and coherent organ of restored Tsarism. During Denikin's time it represented his cause with some literary ability, identifying it with a larger Russia, that should include even Finland, and frankly using the word Tsar, which many restorationists avoid. It also ardently celebrated the expected return of the former relations between church and state. Last autumn there appeared, also in Berlin, a Tsarist organ so extreme that liberal-minded Russians were divided into those who were horrified by it and those who were amused. It was called Looch, or the Light. An idea of its thoroughness may be obtained from its treating Lvov, Kerensky, and Lenin as all alike, all equally guilty of departure from the true Russian faith.

The most intelligent articles in these Russian newspapers are likely to go back in the end to the nature of the Russian peasant. The failure to understand the peasant, in other words the popular majority, is put down by Zhizn as the great failure of the Russian intellectuals. It says: "It was not the progressive bloc (in the Duma) that created the revolution, nor have the Bolsheviki understood or realized it. The soul and thought of the people have not yet been fully expressed or shaped by anybody. The difference between the intelligentsia and the people explains the wild, disorganized direction which the Russian revolution took after the demobilization of the people, who went out of the war by their own will." A new period of creation, it hopes, is just ahead, whatever may be the label; and "to the encouragement of the gathering together of the forces that are to do this creative, constructive work, we dedicate our magazine."

In another article, entitled The Intelligentsia and the People, Zhizn says that the intelligentsia cannot escape its share of the blame for the mistakes that have brought Russia to complete poverty and disorder. It describes this condition by the word pogrom, the mistranslation of which causes

so much confusion in the news. Zhizn goes on: "It was not only a mistake, it was inexcusable ignorance, like that of a weaver who does not understand his loom. It was wrong to see the Russian peasant communalist as if he were living in a Fourier community or as if he were prepared to attempt parliamentary procedure of the latest fashion, but it is even worse, now that we have been deceived in our Utopian hopes, to blame the people."

The paper declares that when the Constituent Assembly was dissolved by force by the Bolsheviki it had been morally dissolved by the quarrelling of all the parliamentary groups, and that when the Ufa government, headed by Avxentiev, was formed it was attacked from the right by the Kadets and from the left by the Chernov group, and it succumbed to "the so-called brave and honest,—so-called, but alas they were nothing but military people. On all sides this idea of a military dictatorship was put forward; as if there were no better answer to the dictatorship of the proletariat."

A little further on: "It was only last year that the foreign press offered to the Russians peaceable negotiations in the Prinkipo Islands, but the Russian intelligentsia still repeated that all that was needed was for the Allies to send a few soldiers and all Russia would hurry to support them. The Allies believed it. . . . . They say the people would not follow the intelligentsia. Which ones should they have followed? When the intelligentsia appeared on the political scene it was impossible for the people to make head or tail out of their quarrels, and their noise died down only when they selected a good-looking general to follow." Even now the intelligentsia cannot "make up its mind to go back to its people without the protection of a Russian or a foreign general."

The Russian liberal papers in Berlin have been full of testimony for considerably over a year of the narrow cruelty of the anti-Bolshevist armies and of the effect of this narrowness and cruelty on the peasant's attitude toward the Bolsheviki.

What do these liberal papers ask of us, the outside world? The Golos Rossii thus sums up its idea of what Russia needs from the Entente:

(1) To be kept free from such economic commitments as will limit her freedom hereafter.

(2) The removal of the blockade, to restore her vigor. The blockade, in this opinion, and in general the lack of intercourse with the world, has fallen most heavily on those intellectual elements which, under more favorable treatment, might have more successfully contested the Bolshevist rule.

On the needs of its country Zhizn says: "Russia now represents tremendous, inexhaustible force, in spite of its material devastation. By going into Russia with peace Europe would make it possible for that spiritual force to be directed toward work, toward building up what has been destroyed, toward the creation of a new life; but it would be the greatest of disasters if this spiritual force of Russia and the remnants of the material resources of Russia were wasted on an armed conflict . . . . For sobering, for quieting, for real reconciliation of the west with the east, the intelligentsia must go back to the people. Indeed that is not only a Russian question, but in its essentials a world-question."

The best Russian democrats realize that the answer is in peace and work. Zhizn has for its sub-title, Peace and Labor. That idea is deeply imbedded in Germany. With her large population on an insufficient territory she has learned to work hard to live. Her view of the future is a view in which progress is laborious. When I was in France in 1917 a Russian professor pointed out to me figures in the Journal de Lausanne to the effect that some 15,000 Russian prisoners were being used in Germany as instructors in the Russian language, with particular stress on the language of commerce. Russian is not an easy language, but the Germans are willing to learn it. Compared with them the British and French have relatively few who do this foundation work, although both the British and French are far more serious over the language than we Americans are. There are only about one hundred studying Russian in all our universities, great as are the commercial possibilities between the two countries, and beautiful as are the cultural attributes of the language of Pushkin, Krylov, and Turgenev.

During the great war the Germans encouraged many girls to study the Russian language—it was estimated at over 40,000, probably a vague guess—so that if the outcome of the war should leave the Russians hostile to the German men, the girls could go in as commercial travellers. The University of Berlin has a Russian department that stands very high, though it probably is not conducted with the special genius that characterizes Professor Boyer's work in the University of Paris. Indeed it would be hard to find anywhere any language made as interesting as Professor Boyer makes Russian.

Washington, D. C., is the capital of the most prosperous country in the world. What facilities does it contain for any young man in the Department of State or the Department of Commerce who is anxious to equip himself for really solid

work in connection with that country which is destined soon to be the most prosperous in Europe?

Of the hundreds of thousands of Russians now in Germany some 80,000 are said to be living in Berlin. They have a theatre of their own, a church, a library, a social center. Many of them pass as freely as conditions permit back and forth between Germany and Russia. The restorationists and interventionists have their special agents, and Lenin has long maintained an authorized agent. Expert commissioners visit Moscow while we argue about the possibly terrible result of getting information at first hand. Krassin was in Germany nearly a year before he was permitted to negotiate with other countries.

Lack of knowledge is the greatest of all dangers. If the most intelligent Russian thought finds more of a welcome in Germany than it does elsewhere, then in that respect Germany is pointing out to us a better path than we have trod.

ELIZABETH REYNOLDS HAPGOOD.

Why Will They Vote For Harding?

NEVERTHELESS, millions of Americans will vote for Harding. One half, more or less, of the electors will cast their ballots for this standing libel upon the normal man. It is incredible, but as certain as anything can be. There is no profit in crying out against a brute fact like this, but it is worth trying to find the explanation.

That, I hear it suggested, is easy. There will be several thousand votes cast for the Democratic candidates in the belief that Franklin Roosevelt is none other than the T. R. who so lately filled the world with his name and fame. There may be some tens of thousands of votes cast the same way on the assumption that Franklin Roosevelt is the son of T. R. and sole heir to his manly virtues. On the other hand, some thousands of ballots will be cast against Cox on the assumption that he was once a notorious boss in Cincinnati. To put it as mildly as possible, a considerable proportion of the American electorate is not politically minded. This is, however, no sufficient explanation of the prospective Harding vote. Those who are not politically minded will distribute themselves pretty impartially between the traditional parties, with occasional clusters drawn one way by misapprehension, perhaps, or by considerations utterly irrelevant, but with offsetting clusters drawn the other way. Harding's vote will be rolled up into the millions by the politically minded, by those whose political choices are made with greater or less deliberation, who enjoy a greater or less freedom of decision. There will be men who vote for Harding for no reason at all and men who vote for him for reasons of private interest. If there were no others, money staked on Harding, at whatever odds, would be money thrown away. What we have to explain is the fact that millions of men who are as disinterested as might be expected in a world of practical affairs, men who are as enlightened politically as might be expected in a busy world, will vote for Harding. And among them will be many of our first class political thinkers. Look at the list of prominent men who have announced their intention of supporting Harding. Can you not pick out from among them men you personally know to be the salt of the political earth?

But are those men really free, politically? Is not their behavior quite definitely determined by party loyalty? Party loyalty is indeed a force of incalculable potency and mysterious workings. It is a force quite analogous to that of patriotism. "My country right or wrong" is a real sentiment, and a respectable one, is it not? It is a sentiment sufficiently deep in the blood to make even those who believe themselves possessed of a higher reason and a higher ethics find all manner of recondite reasons for excusing, or even supporting their country's action, although all the world conceives it to be wrong. Or perhaps I should have said, especially when all the world conceives it to be wrong. Do you remember how we resented European comment on our subjugation of the Filipinos, and the higher ethical grounds on which we defended our country's policy? Well, the Grand Old Party is, with many of us, an object of loyalty closely akin to the Stars and Stripes. As a boy, did you not experience a feeling of sick despair when the last returns showed that Grover Cleveland had been irrevocably elected President? And did you not cling for comfort to the thought that after four years Grover would be retired to private life and all those Southern office holders exiled to their ancestral plantations? Did you not quiver with anxiety over the baleful flaring up of the Bryan hysteria and join, hoarse with joy, in the final hurrah for McKinley? You are older now and wiser. You admit the necessity of two parties, recognize good and evil in both, wish that

the better man may win. You are an American first, a Republican second. Yes, on the surface. But all those forgotten hopes and fears lie somewhere under the surface, working tirelessly to generate for you reasons for remaining true to the old party.

Examine some of the reasons now offered by advanced thinkers for supporting Harding. He is a "normal man." He is a neutral substance with which you can mix anything else without taking the edge off its quality. Is he to be reactionary or progressive? He is without fast political color, as yet. He is receptive, as raw ambergris is receptive of the odor of musk, or of mildew, or as powdered talcum is receptive of attar of roses or asafoetida. A vote for Harding is, therefore, a vote for second thoughts. It is a postponement of issues, not an evasion. Isn't that a pretty theory, competent to free the sophisticated from the taint of unmorality that inheres in the position, My party, right or wrong? The trouble with it is that it violently assumes mediocrity to be identical with responsiveness to circumstance. Lloyd George is the kind of man this theory presupposes, a man with all his senses open to the currents of public opinion. When public opinion demanded the enslavement of Germany, Lloyd George demanded it more vociferously; when public opinion ebbed toward reconciliation with Germany, it found Lloyd George extending a cordial hand to the Germans. He was for coercing Ireland, then for merely keeping order in Ireland, then—but public opinion has not moved so far, yet. That is real political neutrality. It is the rarest quality in the world, the most specialized. Of course, say the sophisticated supporters of Harding, he must have that quality for what other quality has he? Now what is at the bottom of this reasoning but the echo of a juvenile hurrah for McKinley?

Harding is modest, say others. He will not try to do everything himself. He will not make rubber stamps of his cabinet officers. He will surround himself with abler men than himself, who, as a body, will run the government as no single man, no matter how much of a superman, could run it. Think of Harding's appointees as a brilliant circle of stars, with Harding the blue void within. Is that not a sufficient reason for voting for him?

It is a cherished American tradition that there is a kind of man who has the ability to surround himself with abler men than himself, to execute his purposes. Roosevelt sometimes claimed title to such a gift; Andrew Carnegie would have had this virtue alone credited to him in his epitaph. There must, however, have been a twinkle in the eyes of these men when they indulged themselves in such modest paradoxes. To detect ability unerringly, to detect it, not in those whose reputations have been achieved and whose energies are exhausted, but in those who are still unknown, and still full of creative force: that of itself implies ability of the highest order, not specialized, perhaps, nor capable of giving a definite measurement of itself to the outside public, but the more vital for that. Surround yourself with men abler than yourself. Excellent advice, but try to apply it, and see how often you will be disillusioned, even if, like Harding, you have so little to start with that the chance next comer ought to be capable of magnifying you. The men who succeed through this plan have to be men of sure judgment and independent will, at the very least. But Harding? His modesty ought to go further. He ought to announce not that he will select the men of superior ability to surround him, but that he will let them surround him of their own initiative, or, perhaps, at the initiative of those political leaders who selected Harding for us as the kind of President we deserve. Elect Harding, and the blue void is guaranteed; but the brilliant circle remains to be materialized.

But after all, is not pure and persistent party loyalty something of an exception in our present era of political confusion? Is it not more to the point to inquire into the attitude of those on whom partisanship has always sat lightly, the men occupied primarily with business or professional affairs too modest to count as "interests," the "average" American good citizens? Whole schools of them are going to vote for Harding, though they may have voted for Wilson four years ago. Why?

Somehow, the impression has fastened itself upon multitudes of Americans that three years ago we went into the braying, big end of the horn and are now squeezing out of the little end. We thought we were settling the world, but straightway it became more unsettled than ever. We thought we were winning undying gratitude from mankind, but returned travellers keep telling us that America is unpopular everywhere except in the Forbidden City of Lhassa, where we have never been heard of.

We thought we were attaining a new national unity, but sectionalism and class feeling are more rampant than ever before. We have our inflated cost of living, our crushing taxation, our discount on government bonds to remind us of our participation in great events. But we'd like to forget it all. "Forget it": that is America's one great contribution to the rules of practical living. Things have gone amiss: let us apply the

rule. The political equivalent is, Vote for Harding.

For under Harding we shall undertake no international enterprise that will recall to mind the great days when we set out to make the world safe and free. We shall debate the railroad problem languidly, and rock along. We shall not be forced to think deeply on the problems of labor and capital; they will solve themselves or adjourn themselves, with the least conceivable reference to Washington. If we are employers, we will fight our own battles in our own way, and whether we win or lose, will try to salt down a little money. If we are employees, we'll look to our cards and go in or stay out according to our hands, certain, that if the President will do nothing to help, neither will he dare to swing over us a scourge of scorpions like Palmer. In our souls we know that the problem of our international position will have to be met some day. The time will come when we shall be compelled to face the industrial problem seriously. But only the Lord knows how weary we are of the past and the future. And so we say, Forget them and, furtively, with shame in our hearts, decide to vote for Harding.

ALVIN JOHNSON.

The Front Porch in Marion

All day the seer and sage, Gamaliel,
Destroyer of the sons of Belial,
Rocks in the shadow of his roof
Withdrawn, and thoughtful and aloof.
No longer does he lead the host
Up from the wilderness, nor roast
A goat against the Philistine,
Nor lash the people for their sin,
He will not flame, he will not glisten,
His only pleasure is to listen.
All day he hearkens to the sound
Of little feet along the ground,
And faint hum of angel wings
And whispers from the fairy rings,
(He loves the fairies, pretty things!)
And happy songs of farmer boys
Who celebrate their simple joys,
And jovial contented squeals
Of workmen at their humble meals,
And hymns of soldiers who set free
An empire (for democracy)
Exalting God their brothers fell
In such a battle: they sleep well.
All day he listens, and at last
When all the feet have homeward passed
He turns to Israel his eyes
And lifts his voice, and prophesies,
'O, government of laws, not men!'
'O, good, square deal!' or yet again
'O, government of, by and for'—
Gets up, goes in—and locks the door.

A. MAC L.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Suffrage Planks

SIR: In your issue of July 14th occurs the following sentence, apropos of the Democratic and the Republican platforms:

> The Democrats, like the Republicans, gave the League of Women Voters practically what it asked for, practically in the words in which it asked.

May I call your attention to a statement by Mrs. Maud Park, chairman of the National League of Women Voters, made on July 9th in San Francisco?

> We close our trip to the two conventions in behalf of our planks with a feeling of great satisfaction over the result—*we secured about half* [italics mine] of what we asked for at the Republican convention in Chicago, and here in San Francisco the Democratic convention has endorsed all of our planks but one. The plank which they did not accept,—also failed of incorporation in the Republican platform.

The difference between "about one-half" and "all but one" seems to the Democratic women of the country more than the difference between Tweedledum and Tweedledee, which your reference to the action of the conventions in regard to the League of Women Voters' planks would seem to make it. I incline to think that the difference seems more serious also to the Republican women of the country. The outstanding fact for women, as women, about the two conventions was that the one at San Francisco showed an absolutely liberal spirit toward them, contrasting painfully with the grudging attitude toward women and their political aspirations displayed at Chicago.

ANNE O'HAGAN SHINN.

New York City.

The Thing's Bewitched!

SIR: The following excerpts from John Selden's Table Talk have a certain timeliness which may amuse you.

"When a country-wench cannot get her Butter to come she says, the Witch is in her Churn. We have been churning for Peace a great while, and 'twill not come, sure the Witch is in it."

"The Law against Witches does not prove there be any; but it punishes the Malice of those People, that use such means to take away Men's Lives. If one should profess that by turning his Hat thrice, and crying Buz, he could take away a Man's Life (though in truth he could do no such thing) yet this were a just Law made by the State, that whosoever should turn his Hat thrice, and cry Buz, with an intention to take away a Man's Life, shall be put to death."

"Casting out Devils is mere Juggling; they never cast out any but what they first cast in. They do it where for Reverence no man shall dare to examine it, they do it in a Corner, in a Mortise-Hole, not in the Market-place."

"(The great Lord) eats not in private, except in time of sickness; when once he became a thing cooped up, all his greatness was spoiled. Nay, the King himself used to eat in the Hall, and his Lords sat with him, and then he understood Men.

A. M. P.

National Egotism and the League

SIR: A very moving appeal is made by you through the article headed National Egotism versus International Relief, to the end that American indifference toward European suffering be dispelled. Your *explanation* of American apathy, however, only partly explains.

It is becoming more and more apparent every day that American public opinion was not ready for an internationalism of the brand proposed to them by the President through his League of Nations idea. The "national egotism" of the American people was too potent to tolerate admittance of such an entangling scheme into American policy. But this egotism seemed in a fair way to be temporarily evaded to the everlasting benefit of mankind without the interpolation of the egotistic "reservations" idea, which is entirely subversive of effective international cooperation. This was due to the tremendous confidence reposed in Wilson and the willingness to follow his lead wherever the path. Thus when the League was first proposed to the American people, they could easily have been made to bridge the yawning gap from nationalistic isolation over to international cooperation without the time and travail with which that process would ordinarily have to be accompanied, because of their willingness to follow the President. Here was the golden opportunity to put the egotism you speak of to good use in the cause of international cooperation. The American people could have been committed to a policy which their "national egotism" would later successfully help to carry through.

But this step, which could have been almost imperceptibly taken *then,* was never taken. If it ever will be taken, in the only way it can effectively be taken, i. e., without reservations, it will have to be preceded by the whole lengthy troublesome process of education, and the piercing of prejudice, bigotry and ignorance which must inevitably come before a nation feels itself ready to concern itself in the affairs of other nations.

The blame for the failure of the American people to bridge the gap rests on the shoulders of many—not the least of it rests on the shoulders of liberal magazines of the type of the New Republic. By applauding the "irreconcilables" and others of their like, the New Republic did not help the cause of internationalism, but rather allied itself with the jingoes and the chauvinists. The latter groups succeeded in creating sentiment against the League only by appealing to the "national egotism." The "holier than thou" idea was employed with telling effect. The successful evasion of national egotism by Wilson was nullified. The New Republic by applauding those who appealed to this egotism, itself *helped to enhance the "national egotism" of which it now complains,* and put *unreserved* American participation in foreign affairs farther away than ever.

Liberals who dissented did not attempt to distinguish their dissent from that of jingoes and partisan politicians, with the result that the American people, their latent "egotism" again fully aroused, rejected the only effective League, and with it THE PRINCIPLE UNDERLYING ANY SUCH LEAGUE.

Do not misunderstand me. This league was not the best conceivable league nor would it enforce the most righteous treaty. But it was a wedge through which the great force of American cooperation might have almost unconsciously slipped, "national egotism" having been temporarily avoided, and once in, American "national egotism" might have been brought to bear to help purge a reeking, creaking civilization. JOSEPH LANG.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

[Our correspondent states that "liberals who dissented (from unreserved participation in the League) did not attempt to distinguish their dissent from that of jingoes and partisan politicians." We cannot accept without protest the application of this charge to the New Republic. We have many times stated, and here state again, that our objection to the Treaty of Versailles is fundamentally its gratification of vicious national egotism. We are aware that the same brand of egotism has its advocates in America And we are conscious of the danger that while high priests of the cult dominate the councils of Europe, unreserved American participation in a League of Nation may, perhaps against the will of many of us, serve to strengthen and not destroy the egotism which our correspondent laments.—THE EDITORS.]

Bulgarian Labor Conscription

SIR: You may be interested in the so-called "Labor Conscription" bill which the Bulgarian government has introduced into the National Assembly. The object of the bill is to organize and further the productivity of the state and public estates and to help on the economic progress of the country in general. The Labor Conscription is not, as has been represented, identical with military conscription. Its essential character is purely economic.

All Bulgarian citizens of both sexes are liable to Labor Conscription; the men at the age of twenty, the women at that of eighteen. The term for the obligatory public labor for the men lasts sixteen, for the women eight months, of which at least three months will be devoted to purposes of education and preparation for the service, the rest of the time being employed in productive work. All those persons who are granted exemption from military conscription on account of some physical disability or other reasons will enjoy the same privilege in regard to Labor Conscription.

In case of abundant harvests, damages due to natural causes or some national calamity the Ministerial Cabinet has the right to call for temporary Labor Conscription from three days to four weeks all Bulgarian citizens of both sexes aged from twenty to forty-five years.

These various works will be carried out under the control of the respective branches of the administration, while for the general management and supervision of the Labor organization a chief Direction or Board is established with three departments; administrative, technical and economic. Various technical and trade courses, schools, work-shops, model households, etc., will be provided, where the Laborers will get their instruction and preparation.

This Labor Conscription aims at the speedy reconstruction of Bulgaria after so many years of war, so that the economic advancement of the country may be furthered and the heavy obligation imposed upon her by the Peace Treaty met. In fact, of all the States of Europe that were directly affected by the world-war, Bulgaria seems to be the one that has settled down to serious work with the grim determination to overcome her difficulties. The Labor Conscription and the project for Landed Property, which provides that all the land that is capable of cultivation but has not been cultivated, should be utilized and distributed among the peasants according to their respective capacity for labor, are sure to be beneficial, and contribute to the increase of Bulgaria's national wealth. X.

New Novels

Open the Door, by Catherine Carswell. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Howe. Daisy Ashford: Her Book. New York: George H. Doran Co.

IT is easy to describe Open the Door so as to make you take it for an old-fashioned love story. The book begins when our heroine, Joanna Bannerman, is twelve years old. Her youth is spent at Glasgow, with occasional visits to Duntarvie, not far from Perth. She marries an Italian, goes with him to Florence, becomes a widow, returns to Glasgow, has another love affair, moves to London, breaks with her lover, and becomes engaged at last, when she is thirty, to Lawrence Urquhart, who has loved her for years. The scene of this engagement is on the moors near Duntarvie, in a press of memories "much older than any history that is written in any book."

Such an account of Open the Door is not incorrect. It is also preposterously misleading, for this love story is explicitly a story of sex—premonitions of sex, disappointments, satisfactions of sex, more seekings, more findings, more disappointments. The love affair of Joanna's widowhood is an adultery, her lover being a married man, Louis Pender. And this description, too, has at once to be corrected by adding that in Joanna's adultery there is less mere sex and more companionship, more of education by companionship, than in her marriage; and that the author—is she Mrs. or Miss Carswell? I don't know; I'll call her Miss Carswell—feels quite free to say her say about sex in her own way, undisturbed by any wish either to flatter or to outrage other people's reticence. Sex interests without haunting or obsessing or torturing her. Miss Carswell is in the happy position of one who is naturally frank and naturally decent. Her decency and her frankness are not at war. They dwell together in peace. In other words, they are one and the same thing.

Open the Door is a first novel, yet Miss Carswell is already a genuine character-drawer. What do I mean by that? Several things. For example, Mrs. Urquhart, Lawrence's mother, appears I think in only one scene. Juley Bannerman, Joanna's mother, lives through three-quarters of the book. Miss Carswell has imagined for each of these women a mode of feeling and a kind of speech that is ultra-idiosyncratic. Mrs. Urquhart is not more individually herself through one scene than is Juley Bannerman through many scenes. But in life, you object, almost nobody is so uniformly ultra-characteristic? In life, you repeat, half the interest of improving one's acquaintance with anybody lies in noticing how she or he makes an impression, deepens it, blurs, contradicts, wipes it out and and renews it? Granted, of course, but it is only after finishing Open the Door, and thinking the book over with intent to review it, that such notions occur to me. While I was reading it I never suspected Miss Carswell of suppressing any part of Juley's character, or of touching up other parts, for the sake of unity of impression.

Open the Door has many successes in character-drawing after this kind. It has, besides, a success in another kind, less striking, with edges not so sharp, a more difficult kind, more uncommon. Joanna's first meeting with Louis Pender takes place in Glasgow, at a dinner: "Then turning in obedience to a sign from her hostees, she became conscious of a strange man, blasé yet dapper, with a straw-colored moustache and rather prominent hazel eyes. . . . . Of the three men present he was the only one wearing a stiff shirt, and his dust-colored hair was quite short and carefully brushed. It looked incongruous with the astonishing yellow moustache. Yet in spite of this deference to convention there was something so resentful in the man's whole presence that the friendliness of his hand-clasp came to Joanna as a surprise." Now pass on, after stopping just long enough to note the two signs of inexperience in this description—the "blasé yet dapper" and the "yet in spite of"—to Joanna's feeling when she has her first chance to look at Pender's work: "It was a world of elegance passionately felt, of gallantry founded on a perfection of melancholy. Its beauty was full of farewells, at times resigned, at times defiant but always exquisite. And before one could enter this world one had to learn the idiom of its creator. This was the more difficult because, unlike so many moderns, Pender had imposed on himself severe conventions." Miss Carswell takes these, and a good many other ingredients, and fuses them, and makes the whole thing talk and move and live as Louis Pender. As we improve our acquaintance with him we feel that his departures from himself and his returns to himself are all just like him. Most of all do I feel this at the time of his parting from Joanna: I was astonished first at his acting as he does act, secondly at my astonishment. This parting of lovers is one of the most original and one of the truest that I've read.

Glasgow stands solidly on its legs in this book. It is well seen. So is Vallombrosa. London less well. Something, to tell the truth—and so lively is my admiration for Miss Carswell's gifts that I don't like to tell the truth—goes wrong with Open the Door soon after Joanna's arrival in London. There are fine things still, like her first sight of her lover in his wife's company, but on the whole I feel that Miss Carswell's imaginative impulse has spent itself, that the book's imaginative life is over. Why these things instead of others?—I find myself asking. In other words, I am bored. I no longer care what becomes of Joanna. And what does become of her annoys me. Lawrence Urquhart has "always" loved Joanna: they were even engaged once, for a little while. I make no objection. But Miss Carswell seems to represent the reuniting of Joanna and Lawrence as a coming into port, as haven after storm, as peace at the last, and so forth. Well, if that is how Miss Carswell feels she ought to have given me a sense of romance. I ought to have felt the excitement of old times, the romance of old places revisited, of old loves revivified. Something of the romantic thrill one gets in Guy Mannering when Harry Bertram exclaims, "By heaven! it is the very ballad." Early in the book Miss Carswell sows the seeds of such a romantic thrill—on page 31, when Joanna, a little girl still, "before turning homeward between the beech trunks, . . . stooped once more to the ground, and leaning on her two palms, kissed the moist grass till the taste of the earth was on her lips. 'If I forget thee, O Duntarvie,' she whispered, 'let my right hand forget its cunning.'" Miss Carswell makes in her last scene an honest attempt to reap what she has sown, but she fails. I wonder why she didn't prefer an ironic ending? It would have been more in her line.

But Open the Door is quite sure to fasten many readers' eyes upon Miss Carswell. She can do love and landscape and character. It is more than a remarkable first novel. It is a remarkable novel.

Knowing that other stories existed by the youthful Daisy Ashford, who wrote The Young Visiters at the age of nine, I for one am glad that they are now published. There is almost nothing to say about them, as Mr. Irvin S. Cobb's

preface, fourteen pages long, exists to prove. The earliest was written when Miss Ashford was eight, the latest was finished when she was fourteen. All four are extremely easy reading. None is in the same class with The Young Visiters, though each has here and there a touch worthy of her best year, her tenth, her annus mirabilis. The Jealous Governes, written by Miss Ashford's sister Angela, aged eight, is good fun.

SILAS.

Lancelot

Lancelot, by Edwin Arlington Robinson. New York: Thomas Seltzer.

THE aloofness that characterizes Edwin Arlington Robinson is one of degree only. He stands in the midst of running Time pointing out with meticulous psychology what humanity is driving toward and how it travels. His exposition is often made by inference and a certain obliqueness infrequently mists the spectacle for the casual and superficial reader. He has been catalogued (rather mistakenly) as a poet's poet. This is not true, for the balance of his genius is not swung to the side of metrical experimentation. No purple passages clog his journeyings. He is occupied with and troubled by life; and if, at times, his attitude appears icily sequestered and severe it is because of an admirable repression that reveals more than it conceals in a final analysis. He can say more in two lines than most poets can in several verses.

It is idle to conjecture why he returned to Malory for poetic material. Both Merlin and Lancelot, if they are approached in the proper spirit, are their own vindication. Mr. Robinson sought a frame-work whereon to hang a picture of the times. His canvas was epical and he needed tremendous scaffolding. The profound collapse of the old orders in Europe, the spectacle of great kings lying prone in the scattered dust of dynasties, the inexorable blossoming of a new Light that is yet to outshine the antiquated watch-towers of crumbled kingdoms, were implacable in their demands upon his meditative mind. Casting about him for a theme to fit the subject he found nothing nearer than the Arthurian legends, and their general trend fitted his mood so remarkably well that there was nothing else to do but mould them to his objectives. To blame Mr. Robinson for not following in the footsteps of Tennyson would be pointless. Mr. Robinson did not aim to write idyls; he presented that universal fatalism that anything builded on a false foundation may not endure.

His latest book, Lancelot, is compact with this fatalism. Mr. Robinson's vision is somber; it is marked by an uncomprising consistency in the handling of eternal values. In Lancelot the ruin and disaster so vividly prophesied in Merlin come to their terrible fruition. Arthur's kingdom topples and falls, a splendid glittering edifice precariously balanced upon worm-eaten foundations. The old sins of the king come back to smite him; the threads of Destiny snap from his feeble fingers. It was impossible for him to shape an empire to his heart's desire for his heart had not been inspired at its begetting. After the Queen has been saved from the stake by Lancelot and Gawaine's two brothers have been slain in the conflict, Arthur muses:

> The King has had his world,
> And he shall have no peace. With Modred here,
> And Agravaine with Gareth, who is dead
> With Gaheris, Gawaine will have no peace.
> Gawaine or Modred—Gawaine with his hate,
> Or Modred with his anger for his birth,
> And the black malady of his ambition—
> Will make of my Round Table, where was drawn
> The circle of a world, a thing of wreck
> And yesterday—a furniture forgotten;
> And I, who loved the world as Merlin did,
> May lose it as he lost it, for a love
> That was not peace, and therefore was not love.

A cold light is dawning on him now. Fate returns in the form of his illegitimate son, Modred. Even love may not be swayed; Guinevere is a flaming remonstrance to his attempts. Lancelot, shaken with human passions and desirous for that which is not to be desired, loses the Light and follows phantoms in the darkness. There is war and sudden death, treachery and the terrific destruction of apparently indomitable things. The old order must be swept away entirely to make place for the new. It must go but not because of the reason that Tennyson saw—the guilt and treachery of those that Arthur loved most. It must go because Arthur himself was blind to the falsity of his building, because he was unconscious of the insecure foundations upon which he depended. There is guilt all around, the guilt of humanity, of falling into the snares of life, of doing a thing because it was the easiest thing to do. Mr. Robinson's Lancelot ends with not a vestige left of the things that were; there is only Lancelot riding alone into the darkness in search of that Light once seen by Galahad.

To seek for a message in a poet is a gesture that has become outdated. The modern poet does not admit the title of prophet; he is an expositor, he proclaims life and himself. Analyst and dissector, he turns more and more an implacably zealous eye on the soul. Poetry, from being a flaming torch in the dark places of the world, has partially translated itself into an acid. The poet presents, analyses, weighs and values. It is not the fashion to "nourish an ethical unrest" any longer. From a prophet he has become a commentator of the times. It is because of this extremely modern attitude that any handling of ancient mythological or legendary themes is viewed with suspicion. In the case of Mr. Robinson the reader's hasty doubts may be set at rest. His modernity is that subtle and lofty comprehension of the shifting of transient values about the monumental verities. His objective is the soul and it is always the modern febrile unsatisfied soul of contemporary life. In the pulse of Lancelot beats our own passion; Guinevere speaks with the voice of Tomorrow.

Years ago Richard Hovey expressed a truth that might almost be taken as Mr. Robinson's attitude toward life. In Hovey's The Quest of Merlin, the Norns singing beneath Yggdrasil proclaim:

> Only the unthought thought, O man,
> Is thine own and the deed foreborne.
> Thou canst neither love nor doubt
> But the doubt and the love alike
> Pass into the infrangible weft of the world
> That we weave with inexorable fingers.

What our fathers begin, we finish; it is as true today as it was in Arthurian times.

Leaving aside the symbolism implicit in Lancelot, a generous measure of praise is due the psychological aspects of the love between Guinevere and the Knight. It is carefully worked out in unforgettable lines. Lancelot recognizes the Queen as "Too far to touch but too fair not to follow" and it is Fate that drives him toward her. But with

the crumbling of the kingdom Guinevere comprehends the tragic part she has played. She realizes that Lancelot forsook the true Light, the Light that Galahad saw, to follow her white and gold. The last parting of the two in the nunnery at Almsbury is exquisite in its nuances of sad passion and final sacrifice. She sends Lancelot back into the darkness alone, sure now that he will follow the Light that her beauty obscured for a time. He sees her pale hands like white flowers falling into a grave and knows that she has gone out of his life only to enter it in a greater way. "Where the Light falls, death falls;" sounds the Voice in his ears, "And in the darkness comes the Light."

We must suppose that it comes to him then, comes through the dark forest of human passions into that quiet place where eternal things endure. Human frailties fall and are washed away, only the absolute remains—a foundation for a new world to be built on.

HERBERT S. GORMAN.

Animal Life

The Secrets of Animal Life, by J. Arthur Thomson. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

THIS is a biologist's sketchbook, to be opened and enjoyed at random, an assemblage of brief essays originally published in the New Statesman, whose readers the author periodically keeps in touch with the latest advances of his science. Many of the chapters bear the character of reviews summarizing recent technical literature, others are prompted by seasonal reflections taking a biological turn. Professor Thomson possesses many qualities of the ideal popularizer. He has a keen sense for the human interest side of natural phenomena, and while thoroughly trained in the ways of the laboratory he mingles with the experimentalist spirit that old-fashioned delight in nature which constitutes so much of Fabre's charm. His attitude towards the outer world may, indeed, be best characterized by the German epithet gemütlich: it has a genial personal tinge that is noticeably lacking in the writings of most modern scientists. He can, of course, discuss at pleasure the problems of heredity and evolution in current academic phraseology. But of a summer evening he does not disdain to stroll across the Scotch moor in Wordsworthian mood, straining to get into intimate contact with fauna and flora, harking for the hedgehog's call and the song of the lark.

This trait may have a purely temperamental basis that would require utterance in any event, but more probably it is somehow connected with a distinctly though not obtrusively teleological strain in the author's philosophy, of which the purposiveness of the universe forms a cardinal point. To that extent, of course, it savors of scientific heresy. But it would be a grievous error to suppose that Professor Thomson mingles sentimentalism or theology with his natural science. From that pitfall a robustious British judgment happily preserves him. Though fortunately he has his poetical moods and allows us to enjoy them in his company, the basic element in his mental constitution is, after all, sober common sense. Accordingly, there is no maudlin dawdling over beast and landscape, and metaphysics instead of being injected in place of established mechanical explanations are relegated to that dim hinterland where science and speculation meet.

As an ethical counterpart to Professor Thomson's common sense looms his scrupulous fairness in exposition. One gladly recalls his highly creditable article on German contributions to science at a time when more hysterical scholars in Allied countries attempted to belittle the enemy's cultural achievements. It is not surprising to find the author free from bigotry in the less delicate moot-problems of biology. Thus, the treatment of neo-Lamarckian experimentation is most generous considering his very decided repudiation of the doctrine that acquired traits are inheritable.

As a matter of fact, Professor Thomson is prone to carry the virtue of gentlemanly appreciativeness to excess. His tacit motto seems to be the Leibnitzian "Je ne méprise presque rien," a splendid sentiment but not readily adapted to non-Olympian exigencies. In this respect his attitude recalls that of John Morley's Recollections with its kindly allusions to practically every person the autobiographer has ever met and every author he has ever read. At first we are charmed by such universal benevolence, but ultimately it begins to pall and one longs for rather more vivid characterization of individual merit, for a somewhat sharper discrimination between the great and the good, the good and the mediocre. It is true that in the present volume such judgments are wholly subordinate to the presentation of facts and the interpretations suggested by them, so that Professor Thomson's is a venial fault. Yet stronger individualizing along the lines indicated would have added not a little to the liveliness of this instructive and generally admirable volume.

ROBERT H. LOWIE.

Research in Industry

The Organization of Industrial Scientific Research, by C. B. Kenneth Mees, D. S. C. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co.

IT is a significant fact that our federal government spends considerably less than one per cent of its total budget on research into ways and means of harboring and improving material resources. And it is no less significant that with the ending of the war an excellent book should appear, devoted to the exposition of the nature, types, administrative methods and cost of industrial research. For the imperative need of technical improvement in manufacturing processes is being realized today with an enthusiasm never before displayed. Inevitably, as American industry develops away from the small scale, rule-of-thumb business, as it comes into competition with foreign industries and as the necessity for an abundance of cheap goods is felt, attention is turned to the several methods of reducing unit cost.

The collection of an orderly array of facts, experiments on the basis of a tentative hypothesis, establishment of working principles—this scientific procedure has brought clarity and improved control in the fields of salesmanship, accounting, personnel administration, production planning and scheduling. But despite enormous technical gains in control over process formula in the last ten years, American industry is still relatively unadvanced in the radical application of research methods to the chemistry, physics and mechanics of manufacturing. Yet it is unquestionably in this direction that some of the largest savings and gains in productivity are to be assured.

No one, for example, unfamiliar with the extent to which precise measuring and recording instruments are used in Germany and unused here, can appreciate how unstandardized our processes and formulae are and how backward are

our methods for knowing accurately what we are doing in the factory.

The need for this research is well set forth by Mr. Mees. It will assist in "the elimination of manufacturing trouble; the investigation of possible new methods; the development of standard methods of testing or specification for the purchase of raw material; the investigation of new industrial propositions for which the value has not been commercially established; the investigation of new methods of using products or of improved methods of operating for the benefit of the customers of the firm; fundamental scientific research having the important bearing on the technique of the subject with which the industrial corporation is concerned."

Results of research along these lines have a value not only in the individual corporation but to the whole consuming world. Indeed, the basic need for productivity and its large dependence on further scientific study is being recognized by the organized workers themselves. And in the last annual convention of the American Federation of Labor they went on record as believing that "a broad program of scientific and technical research is of major importance to the national welfare and should be fostered in every way by the federal government, and the activities of the government itself in such research should be adequately and generously supported in order that the work may be greatly strengthened and extended."

The major problem in connection with industrial research is not, then, so much to convince ourselves of its need, as to provide adequately for meeting the need. Different types of laboratory are required for different types of research problems, as Mr. Mees points out. He himself lists seven; but wisely gives substantial evidence to his discussion of the cooperative laboratory—one run by a group of cooperating manufacturers. It seems clear that as national trade associations become stronger they can by working in close conjunction with the research agencies of the federal government assume the largest part of the burden of industrial analysis. Moreover, our governmental research bodies, like the Bureau of Standards and the Bureau of Mines, must be strengthened and extended. The fine professional pride now prevalent and the high quality of work already done in these bureaus, are in a fair way to be extinguished by meager appropriations. Only the other day another able research bureau chief, after waiting for several years for a rightfully expected increase, resigned to take work with a private company at more than double his present salary.

Mr. Mees' book is unwittingly a brief for the adequate public support of such men as these indispensable but reticent civil servants. It is a brief for greater generosity publicly and privately in behalf of industrial research. It is a brief for extending scientific control to that phase of manufacturing work where quality is measured and where all economies in process can be discovered. Clearly, forcefully, tersely written, this book merits a wide reading in professional and business circles. O. T.

Maureen, by Patrick MacGill. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.

FREQUENTLY in modern popular fiction the deus ex machina appears just in time to save the family plate, the hero's life, the ingenue's virtue, or whatever happy consummation may be desired; but in Maureen this convenient god swoops in, tears lover from lover, murders three characters, and departs leaving the reader gasping with surprise.

The novel essays too much. It gives pungently real scenes from Irish village life. It affords some hint of the backfires from the European war. It considers the Sinn Fein movement. It tells in much detail how to make potheen (equivalent of moonshine). It draws some colorful portraits. But unfortunately it aims to unite all these elements upon a romantic, old-fashioned, and melodramatic plot.

Maureen is the high-spirited heroine, an illegitimate child who is so innocent of everything including land values that she sells the old farm for a pittance to Columb Ruagh. She leaves the parish because of the brand of outcast upon her, and because of her love for Cathal Cassidy who is like the young Washington of the school-books. There is also Eamon na Sgaddan of the older generation. He is constantly being harried by Columb, the miser-villain, who has some inside information on Eamon's private life. In time, however, Eamon goes to his reward, Maureen is persuaded to return to the parish, and Cathal renews his successful wooing. Perhaps at this point the author realized the too standardized course of the story, and hence threw in the unnecessary and far-fetched catastrophe.

The plot, obviously, is of secondary value in Maureen. Yet it is so persistently present that it interferes with the effective sketches presented for our consideration. The Sinn Fein movement is touched upon, but that is all. We learn of it as something embraced especially by the younger generation, like the tickle-toe. We get little hint of its causation or inevitability.

Perhaps one expects too much because of the heritage of Synge, Yeats, Dunsany, Gregory, AE, and other great of the immediate past and present in Irish literature. In Maureen there is considerable alloy, yet much good metal and some precious. But the whole thing needs fusing.

J. C. L.

The Rolling Stone, by C. A. Dawson-Scott. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

IN The Rolling Stone, Mrs. Dawson-Scott has done an astonishing thing—she has produced an almost incredibly *even* book. There is not a single sentence that is patently absurd, not a paragraph that is impossible. And this even-minded quality is by no means limited to the writing. Neither in concept or character, in action or setting is the stolidity of the book shaken. There is a restraint that operates upon diction and plot equally. The Rolling Stone is predominately a competent book.

It is the story of a middle-class Englishman, from childhood through his wanderings, until, middle-aged and weary of experimentation, he comes home to settle down. But intrinsically, the worn analogy of the title has intrigued the author, and Harry King, after his infancy, never achieves humanity.

The reader is informed that King is different—unconventional—an experimenter—a fierce, strong individual, but he disproves his creator's statement. He is always conventional. The creed is inarticulate, but the attitude—the method—is ready-made and inflexible. No amount of scene shifting changes this conventional person. No spiritual adventure penetrates his dogmatism. The Boer War might have been an iron foundry, or syphilis a flea-bite, for all the development Harry King experiences. Mrs.

Dawson-Scott sends him over a good part of the world, pushes him into various social strata; he draws a good salary or is starving, meets virtuous women and assorted prostitutes—but never does his own thinking.

Ex cathedra, he is declared a physical creature, but it is incredible that any man should escape all mental interference. Zola's pork butcher is not an ethereal spirit but he has more subjective adventure than King. The real reason for this lack of humanity in the hero is to be found in the author's writing. If the book has no weaknesses, neither has it passion or exaltation. If it is not absurd, neither is it poignant, exotic, or brilliant. It moves steadily onward, never wandering; it is competent, well-fed, without beauty of conception or expression. It is realism without passion or accuracy. An elongated, slightly prurient, bourgeoise conception of success, failure, and struggle fills its pages. As Coquelin added, it is 'preetty good."

R. V. A. S.

Words In Pain, published by Gerald Michael Bishop, London.

The author of these letters is an invalid, suffering from an incurable disease. Yet there is little subjectivity or self-pity in the book. On the contrary the author resolutely casts away many of the props that often sustain those who feel themselves in the presence of death. Possessed of a rationalistic turn of mind she rejects orthodox religion in any form. Most of the letters are written to her doctor, who is apparently a devout church member. She attacks his dogmatic faith mercilessly. She points out the absurdity and cruelty of the literal Heaven and Hell, and the weakness of Christianity in teaching men to rely blindly upon suppositious divine aid, rather than to depend upon themselves. She denounces the cowardice and obscurantism of the churches, their practice of reaching out after children when they are young, of marking off certain realms of thought as forbidden ground.

The author is preoccupied with literature as well as philosophy. The poetry of Swinburne and Henley seems to have appealed to her very strongly, and she frequently mentions George Meredith. She is passionately fond of her children. Her theories of education are distinctly libertarian. She believes in according the child as much freedom as possible, and in encouraging the good rather than repressing the evil impulses. At the same time she professes a deep horror of immorality, and insists upon the necessity of thorough education in sex matters.

Words In Pain possesses the value that is attached to every sincere piece of self-revelation. It is the record of a mind that, without being profound, is clear and candid and kindly. And it is the record of a very courageous soul.

W. H. C.

Contributors

SAMUEL C. CHEW is professor of English at Bryn Mawr College.

T. H. MCKEE is on the faculty of the Case School of Applied Science.

ELIZABETH REYNOLDS HAPGOOD has travelled extensively in Russia and has made a particular study of that country.

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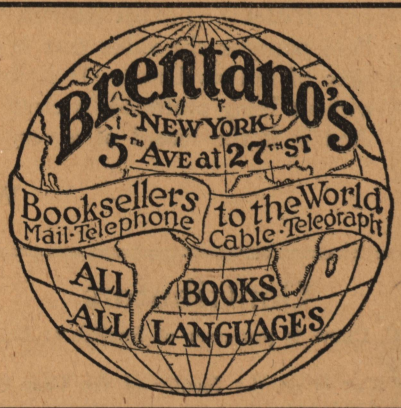

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